

W. Harrison
ORIGINAL
POEMS,

BY

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY ROB. & AND. FOULIS

M.DCC.LVI.

ORIGINAL

P.O.F.M.S.

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq.

In TWO VOLUMES.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY ROSS AND FODDIE

M.DCC.LXII

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THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER.

P O E M.

IN THREE PARTS.

—ANTIAM EXQUIRIT MATREM.
ET VERA INCESSU PATUIT DEA.—

Virg.

VOL. II.

A

THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER.



M.

IN THREE PARTS.

—ANTHONY EXQUISITE MATREM.
ST. VERA INCESSU PATUIT DEA.—

Vol. II.

TO THE READER.

THE nation is in too high a ferment, for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter, from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engag'd either on this side or that: and tho' conscience is the common word, which is given by both; yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conscience, he is knock'd down before the reasons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this advertisement let him take beforehand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call 'em either sects or churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several members of 'em; at least all such as are receiv'd under that denomination. For example; there are some of the church by law establish'd, who envy not liberty of conscience to dissenters; as being well satisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embrac'd this graci-

ous indulgence of his Majesty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this satire any way intended: 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those, who are come over to the royal party, are consequently supposed to be out of gunshot. Our physicians have observ'd, that, in process of time, some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal: and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those, who have formerly been enemies to kingly government, as well as catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

'Tis not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign prince: but, without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the dissenters, in their addresses to his Majesty, have said, "That he has restor'd God to his empire over conscience." I confess, I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness: but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power, for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those, who are driven into the fold, are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites, than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this

time of day, to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those, whom they have esteem'd their persecutors, what is it else, but publicly to own, that they suffer'd not before for conscience sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy, to separate from a church for those impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination (not to speak of rites and ceremonies) will they at length submit to an episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks, a little reason should persuade 'em to take another step, and see whither that wou'd lead 'em.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will consider from what hand they receiv'd it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, a Heathen Prince, and a foreigner, but from a Christian King, their native sovereign; who expects a return in *specie* from them, that the kindness, which he has graciously shewn them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader: that it was neither impos'd on me, nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last Winter, and the beginning of this Spring; though with long interruptions of ill health, and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finish'd it, his Majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience came abroad: which if I had so soon expected, I might have spar'd myself the labour of writing many things which are contain'd in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the church of England might have been persuaded to

have taken off the Penal Laws and the Test, which was one design of the poem, when I propos'd to myself the writing of it.

'Tis evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended: I mean that defence of myself, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attack'd in print: and I refer myself to the judgment of those, who have read the "Answer to the Defence of the late King's papers," and that of the Dutchess (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now inform'd both of the author and supervisors of this pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time, let him consider, whether he deserv'd not a more severe reprehension, than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those, whom he pretended to answer; and at his leisure, look out for some original treatise of humility, written by any Protestant in English; I believe I may say in any other tongue: for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; tho' with the omission of the 17th, the 24th, the 25th, and the last chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have insinuated to the world, that her late Highness died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary; in which he has given up the cause: for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he

P R E F A C E.

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would dispute the motives of her change; how preposterously, let all men judge, when he seem'd to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot fast, because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James, to confute the Protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the poem as such, and abstracting from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The first part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavour'd to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poesy. The second being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning church authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I cou'd; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two episodes, or fables, which are interwoven with the main design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common places of satire, whether true or false, which are urg'd by the members of the one church against the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandaliz'd, because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the reformation on the other.

would dilute the motives of her change; how properly, let all men judge, when he seems to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells me I would I cannot argue; but he may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot fight, because he will not take up the challenge against Mrs. James, to continue the Protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the poem as such, and abstaining from comments on either religion or civil, which are handled in it. The first part, containing most in general characters and notions, I have already said is good, and gives it the merit of being a new poem. The second being rather of dispute, and chiefly concerning church history, I was obliged to write as plain and cautious as possible; yet not without mentioning the numbers, though I had not sufficient occasion for the same. Some of the things, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more or less familiar in the two former.

There are in it two sorts of fables; which are interwoven with the main design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinguished from it. In both of these I have made use of the common stock of fables, which are true or false, which are used by the members of the one church against those of the other. I have not made use of any new fables, but have used the old ones, as the most proper for the purpose of the one and the other. I have also made use of the common stock of fables, which are true or false, which are used by the members of the one church against those of the other.

THE
HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A Milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,
And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endu'd with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiply'd in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladness mixt, their mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.

Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,
 And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.
 The common hunt, tho' from their rage restrain'd
 By sov'reign pow'r, her company disdain'd;
 Grip'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
 Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
 'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light,
 They had not time to take a steady sight.
 For truth has such a face and such a mien,
 As, to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.

The bloody Bear, an Independent beast,
 Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.
 Among the timorous kind the Quaking Hare
 Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
 Next her the Buffoon Ape, as Atheists use,
 Mimic'd all sects, and had his own to chuse:
 Still when the Lion look'd, his knees he bent,
 And pay'd at church a courtier's compliment.
 The bristl'd Baptist Boar, impure as he,
 But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,
 With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
 And mountains levell'd in his furious race:
 So first rebellion founded was in grace.
 But, since the mighty ravage, which he made
 In German forests, had his guilt betray'd,
 With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name,
 He shun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;
 So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile
 False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:
 The graceless beast by Athanasius first
 Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd:

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

11

His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
 And nature's king thro' nature's optics view'd.
 Reverse they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
 Nor in an infant could a God descry.
 New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
 Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
 If private reason hold the public scale?
 But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
 For erring judgments an unerring guide?
 Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
 A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
 O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
 And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
 But her alone for my director take,
 Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
 My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires;
 My manhood, long misled by wandring fires, [gone,
 Follow'd false lights; and, when their glimpse was
 My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
 Such was I, such by nature still I am;
 Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
 Good life be now my task: my doubts are done:
 What more could fright my faith, than three in one?
 Can I believe eternal God could lie
 Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
 That the great Maker of the world could die?
 And, after that, trust my imperfect sense,
 Which calls in question his omnipotence?
 Can I my reason to my faith compel?
 And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebel?

Superior faculties are set aside ;
 Shall their subservient organs be my guide ?
 Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
 And winking tapers shew the sun his way ;
 For what my senses can themselves perceive,
 I need no revelation to believe.
 Can they, who say the host should be descry'd
 By sense, define a body glorify'd ?
 Impassable, and penetrating parts ?
 Let them declare, by what mysterious arts
 He shot that body through th' opposing might
 Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
 And stood before his train confess'd in open sight.
 For, since thus wond'rously he pass'd, 'tis plain,
 One single place two bodies did contain.
 And sure the same omnipotence as well
 Can make one body in more places dwell.
 Let reason then at her own quarry fly,
 But how can finite grasp infinity ?

'Tis urg'd again, that faith did first commence
 By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
 And thence concluded, that our sense must be
 The motive still of credibility.

For latter ages must on former wait,
 And what began belief must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
 'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
 Were all those wonders wrought by pow'r divine,
 As means or ends of some more deep design ?
 Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
 To prove the Godhead of th' eternal Son.

God thus asserted, man is to believe
Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of faith rely
On the proponent, Heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human wit.
As when the building gains a surer stay,
We take th' unuseful scaffolding away.
Reason by sense no more can understand;
The game is play'd into another hand.
Why choose we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?
In the same vessel, which our Saviour bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,
And not veil these again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent,
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To construe what his clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what he made so plain?
To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great sums, and to compound the small:
For who wou'd break with Heav'n, and wou'd not
break for all?
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.

Faith is the best ensurer of thy blifs;
The bank above must fail before the venture miss.
But Heav'n and Heav'n-born faith are far from thee,
Thou first apostate to divinity.
Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian plains;
A fiercer foe th' insatiate Wolf remains.
Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more,
That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore:
The Bear, the Boar, and every savage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blifsful bow'r,
And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour.
More haughty than the rest, the Wolfish race
Appear with belly gaunt, and famish'd face:
Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close clap'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.
His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the bestial citizens surprize.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a-while,
As captain or companion of the spoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen:
The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,
And from Geneva first infested France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart race;
Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,
But his innate antipathy to kings.
These last deduce him from th' Helvetian kind,
Who near the Lemman-lake his consort lin'd;

That fi'ry Zuinglius first th' affection bred,
And meagre Calvin blest the nuptial bed.

(a) In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,
When the proud Sanhedrim oppress'd the Prince,
Or, since he will be Jew, derive him high'r,
When Corah with his brethren did conspire
From Moses' hand the sov'reign sway to wrest,
And Aaron of his ephod to divest:
'Till opening earth made way for all to pass,
And cou'd not bear the burden of a *class*.
The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark:
Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The Dog (a common species) will contain.
And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,
Abhorring the supremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you increas'd!
What ills in church and state have you redress'd?
With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,
Your first essay was on your native laws:
Those having torn with ease, and trampled down,
Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel still be small,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;
Yet your victorious colonies are sent
Where the north ocean girds the continent.
Quickned with fire below, your monsters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:

(a) Vid. Pref. to Heyl. Hist. of Presb.

And like the first the last affects to be
 Drawn to the dregs of a Democracy.
 As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
 A rank four herbage rises on the green;
 So, springing where those midnight elves advance,
 Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
 Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show
 To Heaven above, and to their prince below;
 As none but traitors and blasphemers know.
 God, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd;
 And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.
 So fulsom is their food, that flocks refuse
 To bite, and only dogs for physic use.
 As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
 No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;
 Nor bladed grass, nor bearded corn succeeds,
 But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds:
 Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of dearth
 Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.
 But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind
 Are to their own unhappy coasts confin'd;
 As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
 And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
 So Presbyt'ry and pestilential zeal
 Can only flourish in a commonweal.
 From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfish crew;
 But ah! some pity e'en to brutes is due:
 Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
 Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.
 Of all the tyrannies on human-kind,
 The worst is that which persecutes the mind.

Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,
'Tis but because we cannot think alike.

In punishing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a softer mold is made,
Not for his fellow's ruin, but their aid:
Created kind, beneficent and free,
The noble image of the Deity.

One portion of informing fire was giv'n
To brutes, th' inferior family of Heav'n:
The smith divine, as with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But, when arriv'd at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep considering space;
And, to distinguish man from all the rest,
Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast;
And mercy mixt with reason did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive:
The first is law, the last prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
When, issuing naked, to the wondring herd,
He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd:
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,
Or with increase of feet, t'o'ertake 'em in their flight:
Of easy shape, and pliant ev'ry way;
Confessing still the softness of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation day:

With open hands, and with extended space
 Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.
 Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
 His kingdom o'er his kindred world began:
 'Till knowledge misapply'd, misunderstood,
 And pride of empire sour'd his balmy blood.
 Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins;
 The murd'rer Cain was latent in his loins;
 And blood began its first and loudest cry,
 For diff'ring worship of the Deity.
 Thus persecution rose, and farther space
 Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
 Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd,
 Content to fold 'em from the famish'd beast:
 Mild were his laws; the sheep and harmless hind
 Were never of the persecuting kind.
 Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
 Such mercy from the British lion flows,
 That both provide protection from their foes.

Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain,
 Which never did those monsters entertain!
 The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance
 No native claim of just inheritance.
 And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
 May guard their fences from th' invading foe.
 Where birth has plac'd 'em, let 'em safely share
 The common benefit of vital air.
 Themselves unarm'd, let them live unarm'd;
 Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd:
 Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
 They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.

More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
 The Lion awfully forbids the prey.
 Their rage repress'd, tho' pinch'd with famine sore,
 They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar:
 Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
 These are the chief: to number o'er the rest,
 And stand, like Adam, naming ev'ry beast,
 Were weary work; nor will the muse describe
 A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe;
 Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
 In fields their sullen conventicles found.
 These gross, half-animated, lumps I leave;
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
 But if they think at all, 'tis sure no high'r
 Than matter, put in motion, may aspire:
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay;
 So drossy, so divisible are they,
 As would but serve pure bodies for allay:
 Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
 As only buz to heav'n with ev'ning wings;
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
 Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
 They know not beings, and but hate a name;
 To them the Hind and Panther are the same.

The Panther sure the noblest, next the Hind,
 And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
 Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
 She were too good to be a beast of prey!
 How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
 Her faults and virtues lye so mix'd, that she
 Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.

Then, like her injur'd Lion, let me speak ;
 He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
 Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
 The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart.
 Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
 She half commits, who sins but in her will.
 If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
 There could be spirits of a middle sort,
 Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
 Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell ;
 So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
 It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.
 Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
 Her clergy heralds make in her defence.
 A second century not half-way run,
 Since the new honours of her blood begun.
 A Lion old, obscene, and furious made
 By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade ;
 Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
 Covering adult'ry with a specious name :
 So schism begot ; and sacrilege and she,
 A well match'd pair, got graceless heresy.
 God's and kings rebels have the same good cause,
 To trample down divine and human laws :
 Both wou'd be call'd reformers, and their hate
 Alike destructive both to church and state :
 The fruit proclaims the plant ; a lawless prince
 By luxury reform'd incontinence ;
 By ruins, charity ; by riots, abstinence.
 Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside ;
 Oh with what ease we follow such a guide,
 Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd !

Where marriage pleasures midnight pray'r supply,
And matten bells (a melancholy cry)
Are tun'd to merrier notes, *increase* and *multiply*.
Religion shews a rosy-colour'd face;
Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace:
A down-hill reformation rolls apace.
What flesh and blood wou'd crowd the narrow gate,
Or, 'till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All would be happy at the cheapest rate.

Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,
The full fed Musulman goes fat to heav'n;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of sense allur'd his eastern profelytes.
The jolly Luther, reading him, began
T' interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of Paradise more sweet:
Bethought him of a wife ere half way gone,
(For 'twas uneasy travelling alone;)
And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the blifs of heaven for Bacchanals above.
Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
Th' etherial pastures with so fair a flock,
Burnish'd, and bat'ning on their food, to show
The diligence of careful herds below.

Our Panther, though like these she chang'd her head,
Yet as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crozier wielded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part of decent discipline
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line;

And fathers, councils, church and churches head,
 Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
 But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
 Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.
 Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
 In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd.
 To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
 Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
 Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
 At least she leaves the refuse of the bad :
 Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
 And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.
 In doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring friends,
 Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
 Their contradicting terms she strives to join;
 Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
 A real presence all her sons allow,
 And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
 Because the God-head's there they know not how.
 Her novices are taught, that bread and wine
 Are but the visible and outward sign,
 Receiv'd by those who in communion join.
 But th' inward grace, or the thing signify'd,
 His blood and body, who to save us dy'd;
 The faithful this thing signify'd receive :
 What is't those faithful then partake or leave ?
 For what is signify'd and understood,
 Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.
 Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know,
 They take the sign, and take the substance too.
 The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
 But nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on every wave is tost;
 But sure no church can better morals boast.
 True to her king her principles are found;
 Oh that her practice were but half so sound!
 Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,
 And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood:
 Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
 That int'rest or obligation made the tie.
 Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy,
 (Before the sounding ax so falls the vine,
 Whose tender branches round the poplar twine)
 She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
 In death undaunted as an Indian wife;
 A rare example! but some souls we see
 Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity:
 Yet these by fortune's favours are undone;
 Resolv'd into a baser form they run,
 And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.
 Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
 Or * Isgrim's counsel, her new-chosen mate;
 Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew,
 No mother more indulgent but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
 Because she wants innate authority;
 For how can she constrain them to obey,
 Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
 Rebellion equals all, and those, who toil
 In common theft, will share the common spoil.
 Let her produce the title and the right
 Against her old superiours first to fight;

* The Wolf.

If she reform by text, e'en that's as plain
 For her own rebels to reform again.
 As long as words a diff'rent sense will bear,
 And each may be his own interpreter,
 Our airy faith will no foundation find:
 The word's a weathercock for ev'ry wind:
 The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail;
 The most in pow'r supplies the present gale.
 The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
 To church and councils, whom she first betray'd;
 No help from fathers or tradition's train:
 Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain,
 And by that Scripture, which she once abus'd
 To reformation, stands herself accus'd.
 What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
 Expounding which she owns herself may err;
 And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
 If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
 And leaves the private conscience for the guide,
 If then that conscience set th'offender free,
 It bars her claim to church authority.
 How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
 But Scripture may be construed to defend?
 E'en those, whom for rebellion she transmits
 To civil pow'r, her doctrine first acquits;
 Because no disobedience can ensue,
 Where no submission to a judge is due;
 Each judging for himself by her consent,
 Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment,
 Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
 'Tis only for transgressing human laws.

How answ'ring to its end a church is made,
Whose pow'r is but to counsel and persuade?
O solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house not built with mortal hands!
O sure defence against th' infernal gate,
A patent during pleasure of the state!
Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock queen of a divided herd;
Whom soon by lawful pow'r she might controul,
Herself a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrow'd from a better star;
Big with the beams, which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the rising tides below:
Now, mixing with a savage crowd, she goes,
And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes,
Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r.

One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful visage, for her vanish'd train:
None of her sylvan subjects made their court;
Levéés and couchées pass'd without resort.
So hardly can usurpers manage well
Those, whom they first instructed to rebel.
More liberty begets desire of more;
The hunger still increases with the store.
Without respect they brush'd along the wood
Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome food,
Ask'd no permission to the neighbouring flood.

The Panther, full of inward discontent,
 Since they wou'd go, before 'em wisely went;
 Supplying want of pow'r by drinking first,
 As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.
 Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
 Beheld from far the common wat'ring place,
 Nor durst approach; 'till with an awful roar
 The sovereign Lion bad her fear no more.
 Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh,
 Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
 And drank a sober draught; the rest amaz'd
 Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd;
 Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
 The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind,
 Such as the Wolf and Panther had design'd.
 They thought at first they dream'd; for 'twas offence
 With them, to question certitude of sense,
 Their guide in faith: but nearer when they drew,
 And had the faultless object full in view,
 Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hue!
 Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
 Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage restrain'd,
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
 Whether for love or int'rest, every sect
 Of all the savage nation shew'd respect.
 The vice-roy Panther could not awe the herd;
 The more the company, the less they fear'd.
 The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
 Yet cou'd not howl; the Hind had seen him first:
 But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.
 For when the herd, suffic'd, did late repair
 To ferney heaths, and to their forest lair,

She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
 Proff'ring the Hind to wait her half the way:
 That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
 Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
 With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
 To chat a while on their adventures pass'd:
 Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
 Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.
 Yet wondring how of late she grew estrang'd,
 Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,
 She thought this hour th' occasion would present
 To learn her secret cause of discontent,
 Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd,
 Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
 And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
 After some common talk what rumours ran,
 The lady of the spotted-muff began.

THE SECOND PART.

DAME, said the Panther, times are mended well,
 Since late among the Philistines you fell.
 The toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of ground
 With expert huntsmen was encompass'd round;
 Th' inclosure narrow'd; the sagacious pow'r
 Of hounds, and death, drew nearer ev'ry hour.
 'Tis true, the younger Lion scap'd the snare,
 But all your priestly calves lay struggling there;
 As sacrifices on their altars laid;
 While you their careful mother wisely fled,
 Not trusting destiny to save your head.

For whate'er promises you have apply'd
To your unfailing church, the surer side
Is four fair legs in danger to provide.
And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to scape so well.

As I remember, said the sober Hind,
Those toils were for your own dear self design'd,
As well as me; and with the self-same throw,
To catch the quarry and the vermin too,
(Forgive the slanderous tongues that call'd you so.)
Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
Besides, in Popery they thought you nurst,
(As evil tongues will ever speak the worst)
Because some forms, and ceremonies some
You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long
The Test it seems at last has loos'd your tongue.
And to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real presence in the sacrament,
(After long fencing push'd against a wall)
Your *salvo* comes, that he's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may change
may fall.

Who can believe, what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?

Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd myself infallible,
Reply'd the Panther: grant such presence were,
Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.

A real *virtue* we by faith receive,
 And that we in the sacrament believe.
 Then said the Hind, as you the matter state,
 Not only Jesuits can equivocate;
 For *real*, as you now the word expound,
 From solid substance dwindles to a sound.
 Methinks an *Æsop's* fable you repeat;
 You know who took the shadow for the meat:
 Your church's substance thus you change at will,
 And yet retain your former figure still.
 I freely grant you spoke to save your life;
 For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
 Long time you sought, redoubl'd batt'ry bore,
 But, after all, against yourself you swore;
 Your former self: for ev'ry hour your form
 Is chop'd and chang'd, like winds before a storm.
 Thus fear and int'rest will prevail with some;
 For all have not the gift of martyrdom.

The Panther grin'd at this, and thus reply'd:
 That men may err was never yet deny'd.
 But, if that common principle be true,
 The canon, dame, is levell'd full at you.
 But, shunning long disputes, I fain wou'd see
 That wond'rous wight infallibility.
 Is he from heav'n, this mighty champion, come;
 Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome?
 First, seat him somewhere, and derive his race,
 Or else conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppose (though I disown it) said the Hind,
 The certain mansion were not yet assign'd:
 The doubtful residence no proof can bring
 Against the plain existence of the thing.

Because philosophers may disagree,
 If sight b' emission or reception be,
 Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not see?
 But you require an answer positive,
 Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give;
 For fallacies in universals live.
 I then affirm that this unfailing guide
 In pope and general councils must reside;
 Both lawful, both combin'd: what one decrees
 By numerous votes, the other ratifies:
 On this undoubted sense the church relies.
 'Tis true, some doctors in a scantier space,
 I mean, in each apart, contract the place.
 Some, who to greater length extend the line,
 The churches after-acceptation join.
 This last circumference appears too wide;
 The church diffus'd is by the council ty'd;
 As members, by their representatives
 Oblig'd to laws, which prince and senate gives.
 Thus some contract, and some enlarge the space:
 In pope and council who denies the place,
 Assisted from above with God's unfailing grace?
 Those canons all the needful points contain;
 Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain;
 That no disputes about the doubtful text
 Have hitherto the lab'ring world perplex'd.
 If any should in after-times appear, [clear:
 New councils must be call'd, to make the meaning
 Because in them the pow'r supreme resides;
 And all the promises are to the guides.
 This may be taught with sound and safe defence:
 But mark how sandy is your own pretence,

Who, setting councils, pope and church aside,
Are every man his own presuming guide.
The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,
And ev'ry needful point of truth contain:
All, who can read, interpreters may be:
Thus, though your several churches disagree,
Yet ev'ry saint has to himself alone
The secret of this philosophic stone.
These principles your jarring sects unite,
When diff'ring doctors and disciples fight.
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle royal of beliefs;
Or like wild horses several ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd text about the Christian world;
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew cou'd not have us'd it worse;
No matter what dissension leaders make,
Where every private man may save a stake:
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind by-path to paradise;
Where driving in a circle slow or fast,
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.
A wond'rous charity you have in store
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door:
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more.
For he, kind prophet, was for damning none;
But Christ and Moses were to save their own:
Himself was to secure his chosen race,
Tho' reason good for Turks to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.

True, said the Panther, I shall ne'er deny
My brethren may be sav'd as well as I:
Tho' Huguenots condemn our ordination,
Succession, ministerial vocation;
And Luther, more mistaking what he read,
Misjoins the sacred body with the bread:
Yet, Lady, still remember I maintain,
The word in needful points is only plain.

Needless, or needful, I not now contend,
For still you have a loop-hole for a friend;
(Rejoin'd the matron:) but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them still astray,
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not Arius first, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal God-head disavow?
And did not these by gospel texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all heretics the same pretence
To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
How did the Nicene Council then decide
That strong debate? was it by Scripture try'd?
No, sure; to that the rebel would not yield;
Squadrons of texts he marshal'd in the field:
That was but civil war, an equal set,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
With texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the foe:
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so?
The good old bishops took a simpler way;
Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,
Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth.

The Panther smil'd at this; And when, said she,
Were those first councils disallow'd by me?
Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
Provided still it were apostolic?

Friend, said the Hind, you quit your former ground,
Where all your faith you did on Scripture found:
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.

No, said the Panther; for in that I view,
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I set 'em by the rule, and, as they square,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare.

(*Hind.*) The council steer'd, it seems, a diff'rent course;
They try'd the Scripture by tradition's force:

But you tradition by the Scripture try;
Pursu'd by sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.

The word is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus said the dame, and, smiling, thus pursu'd:
I see, tradition then is disallow'd,

When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground;
Unless you cou'd infallibly expound:

Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.
Suppose we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often, ground our titles on the same:

After long labour lost, and time's expence,
 Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.
 Thus all disputes for ever must depend ;
 For no dumb rule can controversies end.
 Thus, when you said, tradition must be try'd
 By sacred writ, whose sense your selves decide,
 You said no more, but that your selves must be
 The judges of the Scripture sense, not we.
 Against our church tradition you declare,
 And yet your clerks wou'd sit in Moses' chair:
 At least 'tis prov'd against your argument,
 The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure
 (Reply'd the Panther) what tradition's pure?
 For you may palm upon us new for old:
 All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the dame,
 To whom deriv'd from fire to son they came;
 Where ev'ry age does on another move,
 And trusts no farther than the next above;
 Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise,
 The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies.

Sternly the savage did her answer mark,
 Her glowing eye-balls glittering in the dark,
 And said but this: Since lucre was your trade,
 Succeeding times such dreadful gapes have made,
 'Tis dangerous climbing: to your sons and you
 I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

(*Hind.*) The Panther's breath was ever fam'd for sweet;
 But from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet:
 You learn'd this language from the * blatant beast,
 Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.

* A word used by Spenser.

As for your answer 'tis but barely urg'd;
You must evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs; unblemish'd authors use
As ancient as those ages they accuse;
'Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame:
An old possession stands, 'till elder quits the claim.
Then for our int'rest, which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,
Resolving not to yield, you must decry.
As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So when you stand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve apostles would be left.
Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide
To set those toys traditions quite aside;
And fathers too, unless when, reason spent,
He cites 'em but sometimes for ornament.
But, madam Panther, you, though more sincere,
Are not so wise as your adulterer:
The private spirit is a better blind,
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.
For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;
The way to please 'em was to make 'em proud.
Thus, with full sails, they ran upon the shelf;
Who cou'd suspect a cozenage from himself?
On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second-hand.
But you, who fathers and traditions take,
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,

Pretending church authority to fix,
And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
Are like a mule made up of differing seed,
And that's the reason why you never breed;
At least not propagate your kind abroad,
For home dissenters are by statutes aw'd.
And yet they grow upon you every day,
While you (to speak the best) are at a stay,
For sects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd senate's mood:
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue (nor can you deny)
If we must fix on church authority,
Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood;
That must be better still, if this be good.
Shall she command, who has herself rebell'd?
Is Antichrist by Antichrist expell'd?
Did we a lawful tyranny displace,
To set aloft a bastard of the race?
Why all these wars to win the book, if we
Must not interpret for our selves, but she?
Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free.
For purging fires traditions must not fight;
But they must prove episcopacy's right.
Thus those led horses are from service freed;
You never mount 'em but in time of need.
Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
They will not serve against their native prince.
Against domestic foes of Hierarchy
These are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;

But, when they see their countrymen at hand,
Marching against 'em under church-command,
Straight they forsake their colour, and disband.

Thus she, nor cou'd the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence against so strong a charge ;
But said : For what did Christ his word provide,
If still his church must want a living guide ?
And if all saving doctrines are not there,
Or sacred pen-men cou'd not make 'em clear,
From after-ages we should hope in vain
For truths, which men inspir'd cou'd not explain.

Before the word was written, said the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human kind :
From his apostles the first age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted first ;
Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd.
This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
(Who sure could all things for the best dispose)
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He cou'd have writ himself, but well foresaw
Th' event wou'd be like that of Moses' law ;
Some difference wou'd arise, some doubts remain,
Like those, which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure ;
Not those indited by his first command,
A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand.
Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.
But since th' apostles cou'd not be confin'd
To these, or those, but severally design'd

Their large commission round the world to blow;
To spread their faith, they spread their labours too.
Yet still their absent flock their pains did share;
They hearken'd still, for love produces care.
And as mistakes arose, or discords fell,
Or bold seducers taught 'em to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,
For all their wants they wisely did provide,
And preaching by epistles was supply'd:
So great physicians cannot all attend,
But some they visit, and to some they send.
Yet all those letters were not writ to all;
Nor first intended but occasional,
Their absent sermons; nor if they contain
All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought;
They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.
And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
He darkly writ, is true apply'd to all.
For this obscurity cou'd Heav'n provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts arose, the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due reverence to th' apostles writ,
By which my sons are taught, to which submit;
I think, those truths, their sacred works contain;
The church alone can certainly explain;
That following ages, leaning on the past,
May rest upon the primitive at last.

Nor wou'd I thence the word no rule infer,
 But none without the church-interpreter.
 Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
 And is itself the subject of dispute.
 But what th' apostles their successors taught,
 They to the next, from them to us is brought,
 Th' undoubted sense which is in Scripture sought.
 From hence the church is arm'd, when errors rise,
 To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise;
 And, safe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.
 By these all festring sores her councils heal,
 Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal;
 For discord cannot end without a last appeal.
 Nor can a council national decide,
 But with subordination to her guide:
 (I wish the cause were on that issue try'd.)
 Much less the Scripture; for suppose debate
 Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,
 Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent;
 (Such is our dying Saviour's testament:)
 The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
 The doubtful heirs their diff'ring titles plead:
 All vouch the words their int'rest to maintain,
 And each pretends by those his cause is plain.
 Shall then the testament award the right?
 No, that's the Hungary for which they fight;
 The field of battle, subject of debate;
 The thing contended for, the fair estate.
 The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear
 What vowels and what consonants are there.
 Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd
 Before some judge appointed to decide.

Suppose (the fair apostate said) I grant,
 The faithful flock some living guide should want,
 Your arguments an endless chace pursue:
 Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
 This mighty Moses of the chosen crew.

The dame, who saw her fainting foe retir'd,
 With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd;
 And, looking upward to her kindred sky,
 As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
 Pronounc'd his words—*she whom ye seek am I.*
 Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
 Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd.

Then thus the matron modestly renew'd:
 Let all your prophets and their sects be view'd,
 And see to which of 'em your selves think fit
 The conduct of your conscience to submit:
 Each proselyte wou'd vote his doctor best,
 With absolute exclusion to the rest:

Thus wou'd your Polish diet disagree,
 And end as it began in anarchy:
 Yourself the fairest for election stand,
 Because you seem crown-gen'ral of the land:
 But soon against your superstitious lawn
 Some Presbyterian sabre would be drawn:
 In your establish'd laws of sov'reignty
 The rest some fundamental flaw wou'd see,
 And call rebellion gospel-liberty.

To church-decrees your articles require
 Submission mollify'd, if not entire.
 Homage deny'd, to censures you proceed:
 But when Curtana will not do the deed,

You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.
Now this your sects the more unkindly take
(Those prying varlets hit the blots you make)
Because some ancient friends of yours declare,
Your only rule of faith the Scriptures are,
Interpreted by men of judgment sound,
Which every sect will for themselves expound;
Nor think less rev'rence to their doctors due
For sound interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are understood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;
Those able heads expound a wiser way,
That their own sheep their shepherd should obey.
But if you mean your selves are only sound,
That doctrine turns the reformation round,
And all the rest are false reformers found;
Because in sundry points you stand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any one;
And therefore must be all the church, or none.
Then, till you have agreed whose judge is best,
Against this forc'd submission they protest:
While *sound* and *sound* a diff'rent sense explains,
Both play at hard-head 'till they break their brains;
And from their chairs each other's force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I pass the rest, because your church alone
Of all usurpers best could fill the throne.
But neither you, nor any sect beside,
For this high office can be qualify'd,
With necessary gifts requir'd in such a guide.

For that, which must direct the whole, must be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity :
But all your sev'ral churches disagree.
The *consubstantiating* church and priest
Refuse communion to the Calvinist:
The French reform'd from preaching you restrain,
Because you judge their ordination vain; [dain.
And so they judge of yours, but donors must or-
In short, in doctrine, or in discipline,
Not one reform'd can with another join :
But all from each, as from damnation, fly;
No union they pretend, but in *Non-Popery* :
Nor, should their members in a synod meet,
Cou'd any church presume to mount the seat,
Above the rest, their discords to decide;
None wou'd obey, but each wou'd be the guide:
And face to face dissensions wou'd increase;
For only distance now preserves the peace.
All in their turns accusers, and accus'd :
Babel was never half so much confus'd :
What one can plead, the rest can plead as well;
For amongst equals lies no last appeal,
And all confess themselves are fallible.
Now since you grant some necessary guide,
All who can err are justly laid aside :
Because a trust so sacred to confer
Shews want of such a sure interpreter;
And how can he be needful who can err ?
Then granting that unerring guide we want,
That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant :
Our Saviour else were wanting to supply
Our needs, and obviate that necessity.

It then remains, that church can only be
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,
Relapsing from a necessary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you disown; [ons down.
Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretensi-
For petty royalties you raise debate;
But this unfailing universal state
You shun; nor dare succeed to such a glorious weight;
And for that cause those promises detest,
With which our Saviour did his church invest;
But strive t' evade, and fear to find 'em true,
As conscious they were never meant to you:
All which the mother church asserts her own,
And with unrival'd claim ascends the throne.
So when of old th' Almighty Father sate
In council, to redeem our ruin'd state,
Millions of millions, at a distance round,
Silent the sacred consistory crown'd, [pound:
To hear what mercy, mixt with justice, cou'd pro-
All prompt, with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will.
But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whisper thro' the host was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submissively declin'd the pond'rous proffer'd crown.
Then, not 'till then, th' eternal Son from high
Rose in the strength of all the Deity;
Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent
A weight, which all the frame of heaven had bent,
Nor he himself cou'd bear, but as omnipotent.

Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
 That e'en the blear-ey'd sects may find her out,
 Behold what heav'nly rays adorn her brows,
 What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows
 To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted spouse.
 Behold what marks of majesty she brings;
 Richer than ancient heirs of eastern kings:
 Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,
 To shew whom she commands, and who obeys:
 With these to bind, or set the sinner free,
 With that t' assert spiritual royalty.

* One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
 Entire, one solid shining diamond;
 Not sparkles shatter'd into sects like you:
 One is the church, and must be to be true:
 One central principle of unity.

As undivided, so from errors free,
 As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
 Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting rage
 Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:
 Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
 She stoops from heaven, and meets 'em half way
 down,

And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
 But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand,
 And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
 To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the land:
 You cou'd like them, with like infernal force,
 Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.
 But when the boils and blotches, with disgrace
 And public scandal, sat upon the face,

* Marks of the Catholic church from the Nicene creed.

Themselves attack'd: the Magi strove no more,
They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themselves they cou'd not cure of the dishonest fore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
From East to West triumphantly she rides,
All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides.
The gospel-sound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,
The self-same doctrine of the sacred page
Convey'd to ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age.

Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
To raise new blushes on my British race;
Our sailing ships like common-sewers we use,
And thro' our distant colonies diffuse
The draught of dungeons, and the stench of stews.
Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,
We disembody on some far Indian coast:
Thieves, pandars, * paillards, sins of ev'ry sort;
Those are the manufactures we export;
And these the missionaries our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade.

Yet some improve their traffic more than we;
For they on gain, their only God, rely,
And set a public price on piety.
Industrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full sail to their Japonian mart;

* A French word signifying lascivious persons or whoremasters.

Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
 Sell all of Christian to the very name;
 Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked shame.

Thus, of three marks, which in the creed we view,
 Not one of all can be apply'd to you:

Much less the fourth; in vain, alas! you seek

Th' ambitious title of apostolic:

God-like descent! 'tis well your blood can be

Prov'd noble, in the third or fourth degree:

For all of ancient that you had before,

(I mean what is not borrow'd from our store)

Was error, fulminated o'er and o'er;

Old heresies condemn'd in ages past,

By care and time recover'd from the blast,

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,

The church her old foundations has remov'd,

And built new doctrines on unstable sands:

Judge that, ye winds and rains; you prov'd her; yet
 she stands.

Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,

Shew, when, and how, and from what hands they grew.

We claim no pow'r, when heresies grow bold,

To coin new faith, but still declare the old.

How else cou'd that obscene disease be purg'd,

When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?

To prove tradition new, there's somewhat more

Requir'd, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.

Those monumental arms are never stir'd,

'Till schism or heresy call down Goliath's sword.

Thus, what you call corruptions, are, in truth,
 The first plantations of the gospel's youth;

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

47

Old standard faith : but cast your eyes again,
And view those errors which new sects maintain,
Or which of old disturb'd the church's peaceful
reign ;

And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime ;
Can calculate how long th' eclipse endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd :
Of all which are already pass'd away,
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.

Despair at our foundations then to strike,
'Till you can prove your faith apostolic ;
A limpid stream drawn from the native source ;
Succession lawful in a lineal course.
Prove any church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,
Under one chief of the spiritual state,
The members all combin'd, and all subordinate.
Shew such a seamless coat, from schism so free,
In no communion join'd with heresy.

If such a one you find, let truth prevail :
'Till when your weights will in the balance fail :
A church unprincip'l'd kicks up the scale.

But if you cannot think (nor sure you can
Suppose in God what were unjust in man)
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should suffer falshood, for so long a space,
To banish truth, and to usurp her place :
That sev'n successive ages should be lost,
And preach damnation at their proper cost ;
That all your erring ancestors should die,
Drown'd in th' abyss of deep idolatry :

If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,
 Awake, and open your unwilling eyes :
 God hath left nothing for each age undone,
 From this to that wherein he sent his son : [done. }
 Then think but well of him, and half your work is }
 See how his church, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
 Stands ready to prevent her long-lost son's embrace. }
 Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,
 Nor less himself cou'd from discovery keep,
 When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,
 And in their crew his best-beloved Benjamin.
 That pious Joseph in the church behold,
 To feed your famine, and refuse your gold ; * }
 The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you sold. }

Thus, while with heav'nly charity she spoke,
 A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke ;
 Shot from the skies ; a chearful azure light :
 The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,
 And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty }
 spright. }

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky,
 For James his late nocturnal victory ;
 The pledge of his almighty patron's love,
 The fire-works which his angels made above.
 † I saw myself the lambent easy light
 Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night :
 The messenger with speed the tidings bore ;
 News, which three lab'ring nations did restore ;
 But Heav'n's own *nuncius* was arriv'd before. }

* The renunciation of the Benediſtines to the abby lands

† *Pœta loquitur.*

By this, the Hind had reach'd her lōnely cell,
And vapours rose, and dews unwholsom fell.
When she, by frequent observation wise,
As one who long on heav'n had fix'd her eyes,
Discern'd a change of weather in the skies.
The western borders were with crimson spread,
The moon descending look'd all flaming red;
She thought good manners bound her to invite
The stranger dame to be her guest that night.
'Tis true, coarse diet, and a short repast,
(She said) were weak inducements to the taste
Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast:
But what plain fare her cottage cou'd afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely hers; and, to supply the rest,
An honest meaning, and an open breast:
Last, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,
Because she wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dew-drops on her silken hide
Her tender constitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,
Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The Panther, though she lent a list'ning ear,
Had more of Lion in her than to fear:
Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,

Return'd her all the thanks she cou'd afford ;
And took her friendly hostess at her word :
Who ent'ring first her lowly roof, a shed
With hoary moss, and winding ivy spread,
Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest :
So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,
Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest ;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
This peaceful seat my poverty secures ;
War seldom enters but where wealth allures :
Nor yet despise it ; for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God ;
A God victorious of a Stygian race
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the place.
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain ;
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain.

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty :
And, though ill habits are not soon controul'd,
A while suspended her desire of gold.
But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,
Not violating hospitable laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.

The Hind did first her country cates provide ;
Then couch'd herself securely by her side.

THE THIRD PART.

MUCH malice mingled with a little wit,
 Perhaps, may censure this mysterious writ:
 Because the muse has peopled Caledon [known,
 With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beasts un-
 As if we were not stock'd with monsters of our own.

Let Æsop answer, who has set to view
 Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
 And Mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,
 Has sharply blam'd a British Lioness;
 That Queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep,
 Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.
 Led by those great examples, may not I
 The wanted organs of their words supply?
 If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
 For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our Hind of folly will indite,
 To entertain a dang'rous guest by night.
 Let those remember, that she cannot die
 'Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;
 Nor need she fear the Panther, though untam'd,
 Because the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:
 The wary savage wou'd not give offence,
 To forfeit the protection of her Prince;
 But watch'd the time her vengeance to compleat,
 When all her furry sons in frequent senate met.
 Mean-while she quench'd her fury at the flood,
 And with a Lenten sallad cool'd her blood.

Their commons, though but coarse, were nothing scant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove
T' express her plain simplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her house so well,
No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers past, a sadly-pleasing theme;
Remembring ev'ry storm which toss'd the state,
When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropt a tear betwixt, for her own childrens fate.

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
Of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake:
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unshaken to an exil'd heir,
Her strength t' endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On these, prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd;
Then with acknowledgments herself she charg'd;
For Friendship, of itself an holy tye,
Is made more sacred by adversity.
Now should they part, malicious tongues wou'd say,
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd;
While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;
But, that once o'er, the short-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The Panther nodded when her speech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone:
But said, her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Christian care.

If to the lawful heir she had been true,
She paid but Caesar what was Caesar's due.
I might, she added, with like praise describe
Your suff'ring sons, and so return your bribe:
But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd;
For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.

I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away;
You, like the gawdy fly, your wings display, [day.
And sip the sweets, and bask in your great Patron's

This heard, the Matron was not slow to find
What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind:
Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despatch,
And canker'd malice, stood in open sight:
Ambition, int'rest, pride without controul,
And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;
Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
With all the lean tormenters of the will.

'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindness with an alter'd face:
Yet durst she not too deeply prob the wound,
As hoping still the nobler parts were sound:
But strove with anodynes t'assuage the smart,
And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain;
It shows a rest of kindness to complain;
A friendship loth to quit its former hold;
And conscious merit may be justly bold.
But much more just your jealousy would shew,
If others good were injury to you:

Witness, ye heav'ns, how I rejoice to see
 Rewarded worth, and rising loyalty.
 Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
 The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
 Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
 Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind:
 When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale,
 My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;
 And if my pray'rs for all the brave were heard,
 Caesar should still have such, and such should still re-
 ward.

The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd and till'd;
 'Tis just you reap the product of the field:
 Your's be the harvest, 'tis the beggars gain
 To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
 Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
 Your charity for alms may safely spare,
 For alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.
 My daily bread is lit'rally implor'd;
 I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
 If Caesar to his own his hand extends,
 Say, which of yours his charity offends: [friends.
 You know he largely gives to more than are his
 Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
 Our mite decreases nothing of your store.
 I am but few, and by your fare you see
 My crying sins are not of luxury.
 Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,
 And makes you break our friendship's holy laws;
 For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.
 Shew more occasion for your discontent;
 Your love, the Wolf, wou'd help you to invent:

Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,
How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the sheep for troubling streams below;
Or call her (when no farther cause you find)
An enemy profess'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked world wou'd think,
The Wolf design'd to eat, as well as drink.

This last allusion gaul'd the Panther more,
Because indeed it rubb'd upon the sore.
Yet seem'd she not to winch, tho' shrew'dly pain'd:
But thus her passive character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.
You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the suffering side:
You know my doctrine, and I need not say
I will not, but I cannot disobey.
On this firm principle I ever stood;
He of my sons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.

Ah, said the Hind, how many sons have you,
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But most of them, who that relation plead,
Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame gold;
Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper shews you much declin'd.

Were you not dim, and doted, you might see
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you, than you to me.
Do you not know, that, for a little coin,
Heralds can foist a name into the line:

They ask you blessing but for what you have,
But once possess'd of what with care you save,
The wanton boys wou'd piss upon your grave.

Your sons of latitude that court your grace,
Tho' most resembling you in form and face,
Are far the worst of your pretended race.

And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot:
For, in some Popish libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too busy in your bed;
At least her hinder parts, the belly-piece,
The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his,
Their malice too a fore suspicion brings;
For tho' they dare not bark, they snarl at kings:
Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line;
Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.

Think you, your new French proselytes are come
To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home?

Your benefices twinkl'd from afar;
They found the new Messiah by the star:
Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide;
Some stick to you, and some to t'other side,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.
More vacant pulpits wou'd more converts make;
All wou'd have latitude enough to take;

The rest unbenefic'd your sects maintain;
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a silent gain.
Your sons of breadth at home are much like these;
Their soft and yielding metals run with ease:
They melt, and take the figure of the mould;
But harden, and preserve it best in gold.

Your Delphic sword, the Panther then reply'd,
Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either side.

Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield

Three steeples argent in a sable field,

Have sharply tax'd your converts, who un-fed

Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;

Such who themselves of no religion are,

Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.

Bare lies with bold assertions they can face;

But dint of argument is out of place.

The grim logician puts 'em in a fright;

'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.

Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;

They say, the schism of beds began the game,

Divorcing from the church to wed the dame:

Tho' largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,

That conscience, conscience wou'd not let him rest:

I mean, not 'till possess'd of her he lov'd,

And old, uncharming, Catharine was remov'd.

For sundry years before he did complain,

And told his ghostly confessor his pain.

With the same impudence, without a ground,

They say, that look the reformation round,

No *Treatise of Humility* is found.

But if none were, the gospel does not want;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The sermon on the Mount was Protestant.

No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as sure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:
On that decision let it stand or fall.
Now for my converts, who, you say, unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hear-say, but observe at least,
If, since their change, their loaves have been increas'd.
The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beasts wou'd be sold as fast as he cou'd bid.
Tax those of int'rest, who conform for gain,
Or stay the market of another reign:
Your broad-way sons wou'd never be too nice
To close with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But, rais'd three steeples high'r, wou'd change their
note,

And quit the cassock for the canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
Judge by your selves, and think not others sold.

Mean-time my sons accus'd, by fame's report,
Pay small attendance at the Lion's court,
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late;
For silently they beg who daily wait.
Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought;
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they shou'd speed, their fortune is untry'd;
For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their God and king they bless,
And hope they shou'd not murmur, had they less.

But, if reduc'd subsistence to implore,
 In common prudence they wou'd pass your door.
 Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,
 Has shewn how far your charities extend.
 This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
 "He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead."

With odious Atheist names you load your foes;
 Your lib'ral clergy why did I expose?
 It never fails in charities like those.
 In climes where true religion is profess'd,
 That imputation were no laughing jest.
 But *Imprimatur*, with a chaplain's name;
 Is here sufficient licence to defame.
 What wonder is't that black detraction thrives;
 The homicide of names is less than lives;
 And yet the perjur'd murderer survives.

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
 The boiling indignation of her breast.
 She knew the virtue of her blade, nor wou'd
 Pollute her satire with ignoble blood:
 Her panting foe she saw before her eye,
 And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
 So when the gen'rous Lion has in sight
 His equal match, he rouses for the fight;
 But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
 He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
 And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the day,
 Walks over, and disdains th' inglorious prey.
 So James, if great with less we may compare,
 Arrests his rolling thunder-bolts in air;
 And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,
 T' implore the remnants of long-suff'ring grace.

This breathing-time the Matron took; and then
 Resum'd the thread of her discourse again.
 Be vengeance wholly left to pow'rs divine,
 And let Heav'n judge betwixt your sons and mine:
 If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
 With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
 Then welcome infamy and public shame,
 And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.
 'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly try'd
 By haughty souls, to human honour ty'd!
 O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
 Down then thou rebel, never more to rise,
 And what thou didst, and dost so dearly prize, [fice.
 That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacri-
 'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n, then add thy tears
 For a long race of unrepenting years:
 'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give;
 Then add those *may-be* years thou hast to live:
 Yet nothing still; then poor, and naked come;
 Thy Father will receive his unthrift home, [sum.
 And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty
 Thus (she pursu'd) I discipline a son,
 Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge wou'd run:
 He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,
 And starts aside, and flounders at the cross.
 Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,
 As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too:
 That, suff'ring from ill tongues, he bears no more
 Than what his sov'reign bears, and what his Saviour
 bore.
 It now remains for you to school your child,
 And ask why God's anointed he revil'd;

A King and Princess dead! did Shimei worse?
The curser's punishment should fright the curse:
Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,
But he, who counsell'd him, has paid the score:
The heavy malice cou'd no higher tend,
But woe to him on whom the weights descend.
So to permitted ills the daemon flies;
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies:
Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,
The foe discharges ev'ry tire around,
In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight;
But his own thund'ring peals proclaim his flight.

In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds;
To that long story little answer needs:
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,
What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open sight,
Which, from the cause, he calls a distant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the sun to light.

Now last your sons a double *paean* sound,
A *Treatise of Humility* is found.
'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought,
Than thus in Protestant procession brought.
The fam'd original through Spain is known,
Rodriguez work, my celebrated son,
Which yours, by ill translating, made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,
The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.
My altars kindled first that living coal;
Restore, or practise better what you stole:

That virtue cou'd this humble verse inspire,
'Tis all the restitution I require.

Glad was the Panther that the charge was clos'd,
And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himself a saver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whose hands he fell;
But at the den of thieves he justly flies,
And ev'ry Algerine is lawful prize.
No private person in the foe's estate
Can plead exemption from the public fate.
Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;
Then let the greater supersede the less.
But let th' abettors of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.

Some characters may sure be found to write
Among her sons; for 'tis no common fight,
A spotted dame, and all her offspring white.

The Savage, though she saw her plea controul'd,
Yet wou'd not wholly seem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife,
And judge conversion by the convert's life.
'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange,
So few shou'd follow profitable change:
For present joys are more to flesh and blood,
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.
'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to bliss;
The larger loadstone that, the nearer this:

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

63

The weak attraction of the greater fails ;
 We nod a-while, but neighbourhood prevails :
 But when the greater proves the nearer too,
 I wonder more your converts come so slow.
 Methinks in those, who firm with me remain,
 It shows a nobler principle than gain.

Your inf'rence wou'd be strong (the Hind reply'd)
 If yours were in effect the suff'ring side :
 Your clergy's sons their own in peace possess,
 Nor are their prospects in reversion less.
 My proselytes are struck with awful dread ;
 Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head ;
 The respite they enjoy but only lent,
 The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.
 Be judge yourself, if int'rest may prevail,
 Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale.
 While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,
 That is, 'till man's predominant passions cease,
 Admire no longer at my slow increase.

By education most have been mis-led ;
 So they believe, because they so were bred.
 The priest continues what the nurse began,
 And thus the child imposes on the man.
 The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat :
 But int'rest is the most prevailing cheat,
 The sly seducer both of age and youth ;
 They study that, and think they study truth,
 When int'rest fortifies an argument,
 Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent ;
 For souls, already warpt, receive an easy bent.
 Add long prescription of establish'd laws,
 And picque of honour to maintain a cause,

And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And, chief among the still-mistaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,
And, more than all, the private judge allow'd;
Disdain of fathers, which the dance began,
And last, uncertain whose the narrower span,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the Panther, with a scornful smile :
Yet still you travel with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without controul,
Among my sons, for profelytes to prowl,
And here and there you snap some silly soul.
You hinted fears of future change in state;
Pray Heaven you did not prophesy your fate.
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may mistake the season of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cause to fear.

For charity (reply'd the matron) tell
What sad mischance those pretty birds befell.

Nay, no mischance (the savage dame reply'd)
But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun, in Summer, brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold :
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.

From hence she has been held of heav'nly line,
Endu'd with particles of soul divine.

This merry chorister had long possess'd
Her Summer-seat, and feather'd well her nest :
'Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year ;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.
Sad auguries of Winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct, or prophecy, she knew :
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heav'n, and warmer climes.

Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight ;
The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair :
All to the gen'ral rendezvous repair,
They try their flatt'ring wings, and trust themselves
in air.

But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the Winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night :
Next morn they rose, and set up ev'ry sail ;
The wind was fair, but blew a mackrel gale :
The sickly young fat shiv'ring on the shore,
Abhorr'd salt water, never seen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The passage, and expect a fairer day.

With these the Martin readily concurr'd,
A church-begot, and church-believing bird ;

Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-belly'd, for a dignity design'd,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind.
Yet often quoted canon-laws, and code,
And fathers which he never understood:
But little learning needs in noble blood.
For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in,
Her household chaplain, and her next of kin:
In superstition silly to excess,
And casting schemes, by planetary guests:
In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak.
That omen lik'd him not; so his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price;
A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardise.
To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of rising waters, and a troubled stream,
Sure signs of anguish, dangers and distress,
With something more, not lawful to express:
By which he slyly seem'd to intimate
Some secret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rhyme,
Whose antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumaean grot:
The mad divinerefs had plainly writ,
A time should come (but many ages yet)
In which, sinister destinies ordain,
A Dame shou'd drown with all her feather'd train,
And seas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.

At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.

'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort
Made all these idle wonderments their sport:
They said, their only danger was delay,
And he, who heard what ev'ry fool cou'd say,
Wou'd never fix his thought, but trim his time away.
The passage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true,
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than usual equinoxes blew.
The sun (already from the scales declin'd)
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worse of weather and of wind.
Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only water thrown on sails too dry.
But, least of all, Philosophy presumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight round,
'Till grosser atoms, tumbling in the stream
Of fancy, madly met, and club'd into a dream:
As little weight his vain presages bear,
Of ill effect to such alone who fear:
Most prophecies are of a piece with these,
Each *Nostradamus* can foretel with ease:
Not naming persons and confounding times,
One casual truth supports a thousand lying rhimes.

Th' advice was true; but fear had seiz'd the most,
And all good counsel is on cowards lost.
The Question crudely put, to shun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the *major* part to stay.

His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
 His power, and from a priest became a prince.
 He order'd all things with a busy care,
 And cells, and refectories did prepare,
 And large provision laid of winter fare:
 But now and then let fall a word or two
 Of hope, that Heaven some miracle might show,
 And, for their sakes, the sun shou'd backward go;
 Against the laws of nature upward climb,
 And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime:
 For which two proofs in sacred story lay,
 Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joshua's day.
 In expectation of such times as these,
 A chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of ease:
 For Martin much devotion did not ask;
 They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their task.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
 Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
 That this accomplish'd, or at least in part,
 Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
 Some * Swifts, the giants of the Swallow kind,
 Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind,
 (For Swisses, or for Gibeonites design'd,)
 These lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
 To suck fresh air, survey'd the neighbouring plain;
 And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)
 New blossoms flourish, and new flow'rs arise;
 As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
 Had left his foot-steps, and reform'd the year:
 The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
 With glitt'ring beams, and in the meads below [flow.
 The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to

* Otherwise called Martlets.

At last they heard the foolish Kuckow sing,
Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of Spring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repossess their patrimonial sky.

The Priest before 'em did his wings display;
And, that good omens might attend their way,
As luck wou'd have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.

Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone?

The canopy of heaven is all her own:

Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,

And glide along in glades, and skim in air,

And dip for insects in the purling springs,

And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.

Their mothers think a fair provision made,

That ev'ry son can live upon his trade:

And, now the careful charge is off their hands,

Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:

The youthful widow longs to be supply'd;

But first the lover is by lawyers ty'd

To settle jointure-chimnies on the bride.

So thick they couple, in so short a space,

That Martin's marriage-off'rings rise apace.

Their ancient houses running to decay,

Are furbish'd up, and cemented with clay;

They teem already; store of eggs are laid,

And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.

Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear

In flocks to greet the new returning year,

To bless the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)

To plant abroad, and people colonies.

The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd,
(For so their cruel destiny requir'd)
Were sent far off on an ill-fated day;
The rest wou'd needs conduct 'em on their way,
And Martin went, because he fear'd alone to stay.

So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
That now their afternoon began to waste;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The sun was enter'd into Capricorn;
Which, by their bad astronomers account,
That week the Virgin Balance should remount.
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the small remainders of his day.
The crowd, amaz'd, pursu'd no certain mark;
But birds met birds, and jostled in the dark:
Few mind the public in a panic fright;
And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
Night came, but unattended with repose;
Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close:
Alone, and black she came; no friendly stars arose.

What shou'd they do, beset with dangers round,
No neighb'ring dorp, no lodging to be found,
But bleak plains, and bare unhospitable ground.
The latter brood, who just began to fly,
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,
For succour to their helpless mother call;
She spread her wings; some few beneath 'em crawl;
She spread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all.
T'augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air, for empty fields above,
'Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd amain
His rattling hail-stones mix'd with snow and rain.

The joyless morning late arose, and found
 A dreadful desolation reign around,
 Some bury'd in the snow, some frozen to the ground.
 The rest were struggling still with death, and lay
 The Crows and Ravens rights, an undefended prey :
 Excepting Martin's race ; for they and he
 Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree :
 But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,
 He headed all the rabble of a town,
 And finish'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em down.
 Martin himself was caught alive, and try'd
 For treas'nous crimes, because the laws provide
 No Martin there in Winter shall abide.
 High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear,
 He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air ;
 And there his corps, unblest'd, is hanging still,
 To show the change of Winds with his prophetic bill.

The patience of the Hind did almost fail ;
 For well she mark'd the malice of the tale :
 Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes ;
 In malice it began, by malice grows ;
 He sow'd the Serpent's teeth, an iron harvest rose.
 But most, in Martin's character and fate,
 She saw her slander'd sons, the Panther's hate,
 The people's rage, the persecuting state :
 Then said, I take th' advice in friendly part ;
 You clear your conscience, or at least your heart :
 Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,
 For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill :
 As for my sons, the family is blest'd,
 Whose ev'ry child is equal to the rest :

No church reform'd can boast a blameless line;
 Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine:
 Or else an old fanatic author lies,
 Who summ'd their scandals up by centuries.
 But, through your parable, I plainly see
 The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
 The sun-shine that offends the purblind sight:
 Had some their wishes, it wou'd soon be night.
 Mistake me not; the charge concerns not you:
 Your sons are malecontents, but yet are true,
 As far as non-resistance makes 'em so;
 But that's a word of neutral sense you know,
 A passive term, which no relief will bring,
 But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.

Rest well assur'd, the Pardelis reply'd,
 My sons wou'd all support the regal side, [try'd.
 Tho' Heav'n forbid the cause by battle shou'd be

The Matron answer'd with a loud *amen*,
 And thus pursu'd her argument again.
 If as you say, and as I hope no less,
 Your sons will practise what yourselves profess,
 What angry pow'r prevents our present peace?
 The Lion, studious of our common good,
 Desires (and kings desires are ill withstood)
 To join our nations in a lasting love;
 The bars betwixt are easy to remove;
 For sanguinary laws were never made above.
 If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
 Whose mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly,
 Make not a worse example of your own;
 Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,
 And let the guiltless person throw the stone.

His blunted sword your suff'ring brotherhood
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of blood:
But you have ground the persecuting knife,
And set it to a razor edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit, which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the Scorpion's joins;
Your finger is more gross than the great monarch's
loins.

But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And stick it on the first reformers coat.
Oh let their crime in long oblivion sleep:
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjust, or just, is all the question now;
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Test wou'd put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet still remember, that you wield a sword
Forg'd by your foes against your sov'reign lord;
Design'd to hew th'imperial cedar down,
Defraud succession, and dis-heir the crown.
T'abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love.
What means it else, which now your children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away?

Suppose some great oppressor had, by slight
Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right,
Your common fire surrendring in a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?

More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;
 The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
 Nor hang in peace, before he render'd back the gold.
 What more could you have done, than now you do,
 Had Oates and Bedlow, and their plot been true?
 Some specious reasons for those wrongs were found;
 Their dire magicians threw their mists around,
 And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground.
 But now when time has made th' imposture plain,
 (Late tho' he follow'd truth, and limping held her
 train)

What new delusion charms your cheated eyes again?
 The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
 But why the hag uncas'd, and all obscene with itch?

The first reformers were a modest race;
 Our peers possess'd in peace their native place;
 And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the state,
 They suffer'd only in the common fate:
 But now the sov'reign mounts the regal chair,
 And mitr'd seats are full, yet David's bench is bare.
 Your answer is, they were not dispossess'd;
 They need but rub their mettle on the Test
 To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone
 Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning stone;
 But that unfaithful Test unsound will pass
 The dross of Atheists, and sectarian brass:
 As if th' experiment were made to hold
 For base production, and reject the gold.
 Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
 And sects may be preferr'd without disguise:
 No danger to the church or state from these;
 The Papist only has his writ of ease.

No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.
Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve
To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to starve.

Still thank yourselves, you cry; your noble race
We banish not, but they forsake the place;
Our doors are open: True, but ere they come,
You toss your 'censing Telt, and fume the room;
As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell.

To this the Panther sharply had reply'd;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide;
Well satisfy'd to have the but and peace,
And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,
Because she su'd in *forma pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent something should be said;
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd:
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride.

Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you bring,
As once Aeneas to th' Italian king:
By long possession all the land is mine;
You strangers come with your intruding line,
To share my sceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful seat by fate's decree.
In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.

Thus plausibly you veil th'intended wrong,
But still you bring your exil'd gods along ;
And will endeavour, in succeeding space,
Those household puppets on our hearths to place.
Perhaps some barb'rous laws have been prefer'd ;
I spake against the Test, but was not heard ;
Thesè to rescind, and peerage to restore,
My gracious sov'reign wou'd my vote implore :
I owe him much, but owe my conscience more.

Conscience is then your plea, reply'd the Dame,
Which well inform'd will ever be the same.
But yours is much of the Camelion hue,
To change the die with every distant view.
When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
Your conscience taught your duty to obey :
He might have had your statutes and your Test ;
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed, your church, rely'd.
In vain the sects assay'd their utmost art,
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part ;
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his
heart.

But when by long experience you had prov'd,
How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd ;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And only short of Heav'n's unbounded grace ;
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile ;
Forgetting whence your Aegypt was supply'd,
You thought your sov'reign bound to send the tide ;

Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a king :
Then conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began
To stretch her limits, and extend the span ;
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
And make a wise alliance with her foes.
Can conscience own th' associating name,
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame ?
For sure she has been thought a bashful dame.
But if the cause by battle should be try'd,
You grant she must espouse the regal side :
O Proteus conscience, never to be ty'd !
What Phoebus from the Tripode shall disclose,
Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes ?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The seeming Gordian knot wou'd soon untie ;
Immortal pow'rs the term of *conscience* know,
But *interest* is her name with men below.

Conscience or int'rest be't, or both in one,
(The Panther answer'd in a surly tone)
The first commands me to maintain the crown,
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,
Our Test excludes your tribe from benefit.
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
Which proudly rising overlooks the land ;
And once let in, with unresisted sway,
Wou'd sweep the pastors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjust, but hard necessity :
Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.

Possess your soul with patience, and attend :
A more auspicious planet may ascend ;
Good fortune may present some happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime ;
(Unwilling, witness all ye powers above)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love :
That little space you safely may allow ;
Your all-dispensing power protects you now.

Hold, said the Hind, 'tis needless to explain ;
You wou'd postpone me to another reign ;
'Till when you are content to be unjust :
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For present profit and inheritance.
Few words will serve to finish our dispute ;
Who will not now repeal, wou'd persecute.
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wishing that happier planet wou'd ascend.
For shame let conscience be your plea no more :
To will hereafter, proves she might before ;
But she's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.

Your care about your banks infers a fear
Of threatening floods, and inundations near ;
If so, a just reprisal would only be
Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea ;
And all your jealousies but serve to show,
Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.
T'intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
Is to distrust the justice of your cause ;
And argues that the true religion lies
In those weak adversaries you despise.

Tyrannic force is that which least you fear;
The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear:
Avert it, Heav'n; nor let that plague be sent
To us from the dispeopled continent.

But piety commands me to refrain;
Those pray'rs are needless in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your friends oppress'd,
Receives the banish'd, succours the distress'd:
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.
He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide
An act, to which by honour he is ty'd,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.
Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore;
This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the Panther, I believe him just,
And yet——

And yet, 'tis but because you must;
You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd t' enlarge
On pow'r of kings, and their superiour charge,
As Heav'n's trustees before the people's choice:
Tho' sure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear those Ecchos giv'n of her once loyal voice.

The Matron woo'd her kindness to the last,
But cou'd not win; her hour of grace was past.
Whom, thus persisting, when she cou'd not bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king,
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally:
Which well she hop'd wou'd more successful prove,
Than was the Pigeon's, and the Buzzard's love.

The Panther ask'd, what concord there cou'd be
Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree ?
The Dame reply'd: 'Tis sung in ev'ry street,
The common chat of gossips when they meet :
But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholesome tale, tho' told in homely style.

A plain good man, whose name is understood,
(So few deserve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal lordships stood possess'd,
And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.
Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth :
At land, and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more advent'rous knight,
Who oftner drew his sword, and always for the
right.

As fortune wou'd (his fortune came, tho' late)
He took possession of his just estate :
Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent ;
Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent ;
But overlook'd his hinds ; their pay was just,
And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust :
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick ;
So true, that he was awkward at a trick.
For little souls on little shifts rely,
And cowards arts of mean expedients try ;
The noble mind will dare do any thing but lye.
False friends, his deadliest foes, could find no way
But shows of honest bluntness, to betray :
That unsuspected plainness he believ'd ;
He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.

Some lucky planet sure attends his birth,
 Or Heav'n wou'd make a miracle on earth;
 For prosp'rous honesty is seldom seen
 To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.
 It looks as fate with nature's law would strive,
 To shew plain-dealing once an age may thrive:
 And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
 Exceeded her commission to befriend.

This grateful man, as Heav'n increas'd his store,
 Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
 His house with all convenience was purvey'd;
 The rest he found, but rais'd the fabric where he pray'd;
 And in that sacred place his beauteous wife
 Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.

Nor did their alms extend to those alone,
 Whom common faith more strictly made their own;
 A sort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
 Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.
 Tho' some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
 The greater part degenerate from their kind;
 Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,
 And largely drink, because on salt they feed.
 Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws;
 Yet, bound by promise, he supports their cause,
 As corporations privileg'd by laws.

That house, which harbour to their kind affords,
 Was built, long since, God knows, for better birds;
 But flutt'ring there they nestle near the throne,
 And lodge in habitations not their own,
 By their high crops, and corny gizzards known.
 Like Harpies they could scent a plenteous board;
 Then to be sure they never fail'd their lord:

The rest was form, and bare attendance paid;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beerfheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;
The pref'rence was but due to Levi's kind:
But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,
The gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once possess'd, they never quit their claim;
For then 'tis sanctify'd to Heav'n's high name;
And, hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent,
The gift should be prophan'd by worldly management.

Their flesh was never to the table serv'd;
Tho' 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were starv'd;
But that their master did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
E'en tho' they were not Doves, to persecute:
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence.
Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their bills they brought:
But left his hinds each in his private pow'r,
That those, who like the bran, might leave the flow'r.
He for himself, and not for others, chose,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,
And sacred incense on his altars laid.
Besides these jolly birds, whose corpse impure
Repaid their commons with their salt-manure;
Another farm he had behind his house,
Not overstock'd, but barely for his use:

Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Beheld these inmates, and their nurseries:
Tho' hard their fare, at ev'ning, and at morn,
A cruife of water, and an ear of corn;
Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and thought
A sheaf in ev'ry single grain was brought.
Fain wou'd they filch that little food away,
While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to see so nigh their hall,
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall;
That he should raise his mitred crest on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To sacred rites; and vex th' etherial powers
With midnight mattins, at uncivil hours:
Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,
Just in the sweetness of their morning rest.
Beast of a bird, supinely when he might
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light!
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Cou'd he not let a bad example die?
The world was fall'n into an easier way;
This age knew better, than to fast and pray.
Good sense in sacred worship wou'd appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloyster'd walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled;
And sister Partlet with her hooded head
Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-bed.

The way to win the restiff world to God,
Was to lay by the disciplining rod,
Unnatural fasts, and foreign forms of pray'r:
Religion frights us with a mien severe.
'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,
And put her in undress to make her please:
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.

Such doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught:
You need not ask how wond'rously they wrought;
But sure the common cry was all for these,
Whose life and precepts both encourag'd ease.
Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail;
(For vice, tho' frontless, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the sight of awful grace)
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true;
And this grotesque design expos'd to public view. }
One would have thought it some Egyptian piece, }
With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies. }
All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to strike.
Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small
To view the monster crowded Pigeon-hall.
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adoring shrines, and stocks of sainted trees;
And by him, a mis-shapen, ugly, race;
The curse of God was seen on every face:
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But still the worse the look, the fitter for a fiend.

The master of the farm, displeas'd to find
 So much of rancour in so mild a kind,
 Enquir'd into the cause, and came to know,
 The passive church had struck the foremost blow;
 With groundless fears, and jealousies possess'd,
 As if this troublesome intruding guest
 Would drive the birds of Venus from their nest.

A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd; [word.
 But int'rest will not trust, tho' God should plight his

A law, the source of many future harms,
 Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms;
 With loss of life, if any should be found
 To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
 That bloody statute chiefly was design'd
 For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
 But after-malice did not long forget
 The lay that wore the robe, and coronet.
 For them, for their inferiors and allies,
 Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise:
 By which unrighteously it was decreed,
 That none to trust, or profit should succeed,
 Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked
 weed:

Or that, to which old Socrates was curst,
 Or henbane-juice to swell 'em till they burst.

The patron (as in reason) thought it hard
 To see this inquisition in his yard,
 By which the sovereign was of subjects use debarr'd.
 All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
 Th' effects of so unnatural a law:
 But still the Dove-house obstinately stood
 Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours good;

And, which was worse, (if any worse could be)
 Repented of their boasted loyalty :
 Now made the champions of a cruel cause,
 And drunk with fumes of popular applause ;
 For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
 He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.

New doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,
 Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays ;
 And emissary Pigeons had in store,
 Such as the Meccan Prophet us'd of yore,
 To whisper counsels in their patron's ear ;
 And veil'd their false advice with zealous fear.
 The master smil'd to see 'em work in vain,
 To wear him out, and make an idle reign :
 He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,
 And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts :
 But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
 And fondly clos'd with former enemies ;
 For fools are doubly fools, endeavouring to be wise. }

After a grave consult what course were best,
 One, more mature in folly than the rest,
 Stood up, and told 'em, with his head aside,
 That desp'rate cures must be to desp'rate ills apply'd :
 And therefore, since their main impending fear
 Was from th' increasing race of Chanticleer,
 Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
 A foe profess'd to him, and all his kind :
 Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
 Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly ;
 One they might trust, their common wrongs to wreak :
 The Musquet, and the Coystrel were too weak,

Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the rest,
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best;
Of small renown, 'tis true; for, not to lye,
We call him but a Hawk by courtesy.
I know he hates the Pigeon-house and farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us harm:
But all his hate on trivial points depends;
Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends.
For Pigeons flesh he seems not much to care;
Cram'd Chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wish you would confer the sov'reign sway:
Petition him t' accept the government,
And let a splendid embassy be sent.

This pithy speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.

Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard,
His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breast, appointed for his guard. }
He came, and crown'd with great solemnity,
God save King Buzzard, was the gen'ral cry.

A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a son of Anach for his height:
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer:
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight;
A prophet form'd to make a female profelyte.
A theologue more by need, than genial bent;
By breeding sharp, by nature confident.
Int'rest in all his actions was discern'd;
More learn'd than honest, more a wir than learn'd:

Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
 Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled:
 But brought the virtues of his heav'n along;
 A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
 And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;
 The most unlucky parasite alive.
 Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,
 And then himself pursu'd his compliment;
 But, by reverse of fortune chac'd away,
 His gifts no longer than their author stay:
 He shakes the dust against th' ungrateful race,
 And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.
 Oft has he flatter'd, and blasphem'd the same;
 For, in his rage, he spares no sov'reign's name:
 The hero, and the tyrant change their style
 By the same measure that they frown or smile.
 When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,
 The kindness he returns, is to expose:
 For courtesies, tho' undeserv'd and great,
 No gratitude in felon-minds beget;
 As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.
 His praise of foes is venomously nice;
 So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:
A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice.
 Seven sacraments he wisely does disown,
 Because he knows confession stands for one;
 Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,
 And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd:
 But he, uncall'd, his patron to controul,
 Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul;
 Stood forth th' accusing Satan of his crimes,
 And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.

Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world; and, eager of a name,
He thrusts about, and jostles into fame.
Frontless, and satire-proof, he scow'rs the streets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud report, that not to miss
Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
He rather would be known for what he is.

Such was, and is the captain of the Test,
Tho' half his virtues are not here express'd;
The modesty of fame conceals the rest.
The spleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate:
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save;
A king, whom in his wrath th' Almighty gave:
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their friends, and to seduce the
crowd.

They long their fellow-subjects to inthral,
Their patron's promise into question call,
And vainly think he meant to make 'em lords of all.

False fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,
As if the Doves were to be dispossest;
Nor sighs, nor groans, nor gogling eyes did want;
For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
The house of pray'r is stock'd with large increase;
Nor doors, nor windows can contain the press:
For birds of ev'ry feather fill th' abode;
E'en Atheists out of envy own a God:

And reeking from the stews adult'ers come,
 Like Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome.
 That conscience, which to all their crimes was mute,
 Now calls aloud, and cries to persecute:
 No rigour of the laws to be releas'd,
 And much the less, because it was their lord's request:
 They thought it great their sov'reign to controul,
 And nam'd their pride, nobility of soul.

'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,
 Were short of pow'r, their purpose to effect:
 But with their quills did all the hurt they cou'd,
 And cuff'd the tender chickens from their food:
 And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
 Tho' naming not the patron, to infer
 With all respect, he was a gross idolater.

But when th'imperial owner did espy,
 That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,
 Not suff'ring wrath to discompose his mind,
 He strove a temper for th'extremes to find,
 So to be just, as he might still be kind;
 Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
 Of sacred strength for every age to come.
 By this the Doves their wealth and state possess,
 No rights infring'd, but licence to oppress:
 Such pow'r have they as factious lawyers long
 To crowns ascrib'd, that kings can do no wrong.
 But since his own domestic birds have try'd
 The dire effects of their destructive pride,
 He deems that proof a measure to the rest,
 Concluding well within his kingly breast,
 His fowls of nature too unjustly were oppress.

He therefore makes all birds of ev'ry sect
 Free of his farm, with promise to respect
 Their several kinds alike, and equally protect.
 His gracious edict the same franchise yields
 To all the wild increase of woods and fields,
 And who in rocks aloft, and who in steeples builds:
 To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
 And Coughs and Daws, and such republic birds:
 Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
 Each has his district, and his bounds decreed:
 Combin'd in common int'rest with his own,
 But not to pass the Pigeons Rubicon.

Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove;
 All prophecies accomplish'd from above,
 For Shiloh comes the sceptre to remove.
 Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
 Like Dionysius to a private rod,
 The passive church, that with pretended grace
 Did her distinctive mark in duty place,
 Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.

What after happen'd is not hard to guess:
 The small beginnings had a large increase,
 And arts and wealth succeed, the secret spoils of peace.
 'Tis said, the Doves repented, tho' too late,
 Become the smiths of their own foolish fate:
 Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour;
 But, sunk in credit, they decreas'd in pow'r:
 Like snows in warmth that mildly pass away,
 Dissolving in the silence of decay.

The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
 Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race;

To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,
And all together make a seeming goodly flight :
But each have sep'rate int'rests of their own ;
Two Czars are one too many for a throne.
Nor can th' usurper long abstain from food ;
Already he has tasted Pigeons blood :
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent lord shall late to heav'n repair.
Bare bending times, and moulting months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home ;
Or rent in schism (for so their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees,
They fight their quarrel, by themselves oppress ;
The tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast.
Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend ;
But, with affected yawnings at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural repose :
For now the streaky light began to peep ;
And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The dame withdrew, and, wishing to her guest
The peace of Heav'n, betook herself to rest.
Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait,
With glorious visions of her future state.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

By Mr. DRYDEN, and the Earl of MULGRAVE.

HOW dull, and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest?
Philosophers and poets vainly strove
In every age the lumpish mass to move:
But those were pedants, when compar'd with these,
Who know, not only to instruct, but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that, as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In satire too the wise took different ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd 'em into shame.
But, of these two, the last succeeded best,
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
And censure those, who censure all besides;
In other things they justly are preferr'd;
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd:
Against the grossest follies they declaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:

Besides, 'tis labour lost; for who would preach
Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which ly obscurely in the wisest mind;
That little speck, which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage;
Above all censure too, each little wit
Will be so glad to see the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the most,
Of such correction will have cause to boast.
In such a satire all would seek a share,
And every fool will fancy he is there.
Old story-tellers too must pine and die,
To see their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her, who mis'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
No common coxcomb must be mention'd here;
Not the dull train of dancing sparks appear;
Nor fluttering officers, who never fight;
Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
Much less half wits: that's more against our rules;
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as silly as Dunbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
Who with dull knavery makes so much ado;
Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too too fast,
Like Æsop's fox, becomes a prey at last.

Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd;
With whom each rhiming fool keeps such a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet sauntering Ch——s between his beastly brace,
Meets with dissembling still in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face. }
In loyal libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other sold him:
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
Was ever prince by two at once mis-led,
False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnely and Aylef—ry, with all that race
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place;
At council set as foils on D——'s score,
To make that great false jewel shine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there's no meddling with such nauseous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
'Tis time to quit their company, and choose
Some fitter subject for a sharper muse.

First, let's behold the merriest man alive
Against his careless Genius vainly strive;
Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reason or at rule,
He turns himself the best to ridicule.

Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
 Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
 That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
 Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd.
 So cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
 Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;
 But soon the lady had him in her eye,
 And from her friend did just as odly fly.
 Reaching above our nature does no good;
 We must fall back to our old flesh and blood.
 As by our little Machiavel we find
 (That nimblest creature of the busy kind)
 His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes;
 Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
 No pity of its poor companion takes. }
 What gravity can hold from laughing out,
 To see him drag his feeble legs about,
 Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him still
 Through hedges, ditches, and through all that's ill.
 'Twere crime in any man but him alone,
 To use a body so, though 'tis one's own:
 Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
 That, whilst he creeps, his vigorous thoughts can soar:
 Alas! that soaring, to those few that know,
 Is but a busy groveling here below.
 So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
 Whilst on the ground th' intrenched wretches lie: }
 So modern fops have fancied they could fly.
 As the new earl, with parts deserving praise,
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
 Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
 Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune slights;

Striving against his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a busy man.
And what is that, at best, but one, whose mind,
Is made to tire himself and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if some odd fantastic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beast that lives,
Who his own harm so wittily contrives?
Will any dog that has his teeth and stones,
Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones,
To turn a wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Though, satire nicely writ, no humour stings;
But those who merit praise in other things;
Yet we must needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly Tropos sake;
Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing smoothly, and for reasoning wrong.
As boys, on holy-days let loose to play,
Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way;
Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress:
So have I mighty satisfaction found,
To see his tinsel reason on the ground:
To see the florid fool despis'd (and know it)
By some who scarce have words enough to show it;

(For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The finer, nay, sometimes the wittiest speaker)
But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
Should be acquired by such little sense;
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Tully was no fool, though this man be :
At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woofsack, fop at council-table.
These are the grievances of such fools as wou'd
Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone ;
Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease :
To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,
Though their whole life's but intermitting pain :
So much of surfeits, head-aches, claps are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between :
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake ;
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus D——et, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that :
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's mastives at his kindest time ;
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife ;
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsom toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load ;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty ;

Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day ;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhimes.

Mul——ve had much ado to scape the snare,
Though learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair :
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled Numps was in the stocks ;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
To see him catch his tartar for his prize :
Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change,
And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge ;
Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,
As his estate, his person too was free :
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move ;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love ;
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom still,
Forc'd to live happily against his will :
'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and pow'r
Break not his boasted quiet every hour.

And little Sid. for simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always fought but never found :
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can :
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd Capuchin ;
For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense ;

And 'tis a miracle, we may suppose,
No nastiness offends his skilful nose;
Which from all stink can with peculiar art
Extract perfume, and essence from a f—t:
Expecting supper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

Roch——r I despise for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find:
And so like witches justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit;
To every face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes every creature,
A very Killig—w without good nature.
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For (there's the folly that's still mix'd with fear)
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his penance still:
Falsly he falls into some dangerous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose:

A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out's the cinder-woman's trade;
Who, for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire:
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deserve no comments here;
Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulness must atone.

How vain a thing is man, and how unwise
E'en he, who would himself the most despise!
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't see.
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shewn,
We pull down others but to raise our own;
That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
And are but satires to set up ourselves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault,
E'en with my master, who first satire taught;
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seems stupendous and above reward;
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time:
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

A life of leisure is better than
Spent in idle idleness and low company
I'd like to have left out his poetry
Forgot by all should as well as me
Somewhere by the town of London, never still
And it is rarely, very rarely, that
This matter is much really to be said
To find out the truth, we must be plain
Who for the wretched remnants of the
Must not all day in silence and in grief
So badly, and the world is so bad
The wretched text, however, is common
Whose one poor thought, I believe, is all that
For a while, of the old world's story
How vain a thing is man, and how
Even he, who would himself be so
I who is, and he who is not to be
Now my own vanity and I can see
Whence, world's most humble, is the story
We gain down others, but to be our own
That we may be as they, we gain them
And we are better to be as they
I, who have all that, and I have all that
I am with no matter, with all that
And this is the best of the world to be
It seems, however, and above all
Now, indeed, with all that, to be
That, after all, is the best of the world
It is just that I should be the best of the world
I am to be, well, or not to be, as I

TO THE
DUTCHESS OF YORK,

On Her Arrival from Exile, &c. &c. &c.
Year 1702

EPISTLES.

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TO THE
DUTCHESS OF YORK,

*On her Return from SCOTLAND in the
Year 1682.*

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The Muses droop'd, with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts :
Our fruitful plains to wilds and desarts turn'd,
Like Eden's face, when banish'd man it mourn'd.
Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
The great supporter of his awful throne.
Love cou'd no longer after beauty stay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the sun and he had lost their way.
But now th' illustrious nymph, return'd again,
Brings ev'ry grace triumphant in her train.
The wond'ring Nereids, tho' they rais'd no storm,
Foreflow'd her passage, to behold her form :
Some cry'd, A Venus ; some, A Thetis past ;
But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride ;
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
Whate'er we suffer'd from our sullen fate,
Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate.

Three gloomy years against this day were set;
But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine past, the plenty still to come.
For her the weeping heav'ns become serene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green:
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
And nature has for her delay'd the spring.
The muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love, restor'd, his antient realm surveys,
Recalls our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waste dominions peoples once again,
And from her presence dates his second reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
Dispensing what she never will admit:
Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Distemper'd zeal, sedition, canker'd hate,
No more shall vex the church, and tear the state:
No more shall faction civil discords move,
Or only discords of too tender love:
Discord, like that of music's various parts;
Discord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Discord, that only this dispute shall bring,
Who best shall love the Duke, and serve the King.

To my Honour'd Friend Dr. CHARLETON, on his learned and useful Works; but more particularly his Treatise of STONE-HENGE, by him restor'd to the true Founders.

THE longest tyranny that ever sway'd,
 Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd
 Their free-born reason to the Stagyrice,
 And made his torch their universal light.
 So truth, while only one supply'd the state,
 Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate.
 Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares, or charms,
 Hard words seal'd up with Aristotle's arms.
 Columbus was the first that shook his throne;
 And found a Temp'rate in a Torrid Zone:
 The fev'rish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
 The fruitful vales set round with shady trees;
 And guiltless men, who danc'd away their time,
 Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
 Had we still paid that homage to a name,
 Which only God and Nature justly claim;
 The western seas had been our utmost bound,
 Where poets still might dream the sun was drown'd:
 And all the stars, that shine in southern skies,
 Had been admir'd by none but savage eyes.

Among th' asserters of free reason's claim,
 Our nation's not the least in worth or fame.
 The world to Bacon does not only owe
 Its present knowledge, but its future too.
 Gilbert shall live, 'till load-stones cease to draw,
 Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe.

And noble Boyle, not less in nature seen,
 Than his great brother read in states and men.
 The circling streams, once thought but pools, of blood
 (Whether life's fuel, or the body's food)
 From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save;
 While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.
 Nor are You, learned friend, the least renown'd;
 Whose fame, not circumscrib'd with English ground,
 Flies like the nimble journies of the light;
 And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.
 Whatever truths have been, by art, or chance;
 Redeem'd from error, or from ignorance,
 Thin in their authors (like rich veins of ore)
 Your works unite, and still discover more.
 Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
 To perfect cures on books, as well as men.
 Nor is this work the least: you well may give
 To men new vigour, who make stones to live.
 Through you, the Danes (their short dominion lost)
 A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.
 STONE-HENGE, once thought a temple, you have found
 A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were crown'd;
 Where by their wond'ring subjects they were seen,
 Joy'd with their stature, and their princely mien.
 Our Sovereign here above the rest might stand,
 And here be chose again to rule the land.
 These ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,
 When he from Wor'ster's fatal battle fled;
 Watch'd by the genius of this royal place,
 And mighty visions of the Danish race.
 His refuge, then, was for a temple shown:
 But, he restor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

To the Lady CASTLEMAIN, upon her encouraging his
first Play.

AS seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore,
Discover wealth in lands unknown before;
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their Misfortunes happily obtain:
So my much envy'd muse, by storms long tost,
Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,
And finds more favour by her ill success,
Than she cou'd hope for by her happiness.
Once Cato's virtue did the Gods oppose;
While they the victor, he the vanquish'd chose:
But you have done what Cato cou'd not do,
To choose the vanquish'd, and restore him too.
Let others still triumph, and gain their cause
By their deserts, or by the world's applause;
Let merit crowns, and justice laurels give,
But let me happy by your pity live.
True poets empty fame and praise despise,
Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the prize.
You sit above, and see vain men below
Contend for what you only can bestow:
But those great actions, others do by chance,
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a soul, such sweetness join'd in one,
Cou'd only spring from noble Grandison.
You, like the stars, not by reflexion bright,
Are born to your own heav'n, and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a nobler cause,
From your own knowledge, not from nature's laws.

Your pow'r you never use, but for defence,
 To guard your own, or others innocence :
 Your foes are such, as they, not you, have made,
 And virtue may repel, tho' not invade.
 Such courage did the ancient heroes show,
 Who, when they might prevent, wou'd wait the blow:
 With such assurance as they meant to say,
 We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.
 What further fear of danger can there be ?
 Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
 Posterity will judge by my success,
 I had the Grecian poet's happiness,
 Who, waving plots, found out a better way ;
 Some god descended, and preserv'd the play.
 When first the triumphs of your sex were sung
 By those old poets, Beauty was but young,
 And few admir'd the native red and white,
 'Till poets dress'd them up, to charm the sight :
 So Beauty took on trust, and did engage
 For sums of praises till she came to age.
 But this long-growing debt to poetry
 You justly, Madam, have discharg'd to me,
 When your applause and favour did infuse,
 New life to my condemn'd and dying muse.

*To my Honoured Friend Sir ROBERT HOWARD,
 on his Excellent Poems.*

AS there is music uninform'd by art
 In those wild notes, which with a merry heart
 The birds in unfrequented shades express,
 Who, better taught at home, yet please us less :

So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,
Which shames compofure, and its art excells.
Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmness does suppose them deep;
Such is your muse: no metaphor swell'd high
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the sky:
Those mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew sand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in Samson's riddle meet:
'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear,
And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.
Either your art hides art, as Stoics feign
Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain;
And we, dull souls, admire, but cannot see
What hidden springs within the engine be:
Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues
Each act and motion of your graceful muse.
Or is it fortune's work, that in your head
The curious * Net that is for fancies spread,
Lets thro' its meshes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care.
No atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce so beautiful a world.
Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the providence of wit.

* Rete Mirabile.

'Tis your strong genius then which does not feel
Those weights, wou'd make a weaker spirit reel.
To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegafus can do.
Great Hercules himself cou'd ne'er do more,
Than not to feel those heav'ns and gods he bore.
Your easier odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our instruction make their second end :
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that wooe
At once a beauty, and a fortune too.
Of moral knowledge poesy was queen,
And still she might, had wanton wits not been ;
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themselves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge.
Like some brave captain, your successful pen
Restores the exil'd to her crown again :
And gives us hope, that having seen the days
When nothing flourish'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion rest,
“ A sober prince's government is best.
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make th' improvement of the richest ground,
That soil which those immortal laurels bore,
That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.
Elisa's griefs are so exprefs'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had she so spoke, Aeneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had said.
If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,
Your muse so justly has discharged those,
Elisa's shade may now its wandring cease,
And claim a title to the fields of peace,

But if Aeneas be oblig'd, no less
Your kindness great Achilles doth confess;
Who, dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become those virgin robes he took.
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your numbers, with your author's, view;
Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff:
His colours laid so thick on every place,
As only shew'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perspective we beauties see,
Which in the glass, not in the picture, be;
So here our sight obligingly mistakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar dishes are, by cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing, than their substance priz'd.
Your curious * notes so search into that age,
When all was fable but the sacred page,
That, since in that dark night we needs must stray,
We are at least mis-led in pleasant way.
But what we most admire, your verse no less
The prophet than the poet doth confess.
Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
Of light, you saw great Charles his morning break.
So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
Which shews like mists to the dull passenger.
To Charles your muse first pays her duteous love,
As still the ancients did begin from Jove.

* Annotations on Statius.

With Monk you end, whose name preserv'd shall be,
 As Rome recorded † Rufus' memory,
 Who thought it greater honour to obey
 His country's int'rest, than the world to sway.
 But to write worthy things of worthy men,
 Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
 Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
 Will venture in your right to prophesy.
 " This work, by merit first of fame secure,
 " Is likewise happy in its geniture:
 " For, since 'tis born when Charles ascends the throne,
 " It shares, at once, his fortune and its own.

*To the Earl of Roscommon, on his excellent
 Essay on Translated Verse.*

WHether the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore,
 The seeds of arts and infant-science bore,
 'Tis sure the noble plant, translated first,
 Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurst.
 The Grecians added verse: their tuneful tongue
 Made Nature first, and Nature's God their song.
 Nor stopt translation here: for conqu'ring Rome,
 With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers home;
 Enrich'd by those Athenian muses more,
 Than all the vanquish'd world cou'd yield before.
 'Till barb'rous nations, and more barb'rous times,
 Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhimes;

† *Hic situs est Rufus, qui pulso vindice quondam
 Imperium asseruit non sibi, sed patrias.*

Those rude at first : a kind of hobbling prose,
 That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.
 But Italy, reviving from the trance
 Of Vandale, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,
 With pauses, cadence, and well-vowel'd words,
 And all the graces a good ear affords,
 Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polish'd page
 Restor'd a silver, not a golden age.
 Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see,
 What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be:
 At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity.
 The French pursu'd their steps; and Britain, last,
 In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.

The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
 Appear exalted in the British loom :
 The muses empire is restor'd again,
 In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen.
 Yet modestly he does his work survey,
 And calls a finish'd poem an ESSAY ;
 For all the needful rules are scatter'd here ;
 Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe ;
 So well is art disguis'd, for nature to appear.
 Nor need those rules to give translation light :
 His own example is a flame so bright ;
 That he, who but arrives to copy well,
 Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
 Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain,
 Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain.
 How much in him may rising Ireland boast,
 How much in gaining him has Britain lost !
 Their island in revenge has ours reclaim'd ;
 The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.

'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow
 Deriv'd from British channels long ago,
 That here his conqu'ring ancestors were nurst;
 And Ireland but translated England first:
 By this reprisal we regain our right,
 Else must the two contending nations fight;
 A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
 Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
 To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
 How will invention and translation thrive,
 When authors nobly born will bear their part,
 And not disdain th'inglorious praise of art!
 Great generals thus, descending from command,
 With their own toil provoke the soldiers hand.
 How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
 His fame augmented by an English peer †;
 How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
 Out-does his softness, and his sense improves?
 When these translate, and teach translators too,
 Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
 Shou'd at Apollo's grateful altar stand:
 Roscommon writes; to that auspicious hand,
 Muse, feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand. }
 Roscommon, whom both court and camps commend,
 True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
 Roscommon first in fields of honour known, }
 First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
 Who both Minervas justly makes his own.
 Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
 Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,

† The Earl of Mulgrave.

On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
 Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page:
 Our English palace opens wide in state;
 And without stooping they may pass the gate.

A Letter to Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

TO you who live in chill degree,
 As map informs, of fifty three,
 And do not much for cold atone,
 By bringing thither fifty one,
 Methinks all climes shou'd be alike,
 From Tropic e'en to Pole Artique;
 Since you have such a constitution
 As no where suffers diminution.
 You can be old in grave debate,
 And young in love-affairs of state;
 And both to wives and husbands show
 The vigour of a plenipo.
 Like mighty missionary you come
Ad partes infidelium.
 A work of wondrous merit sure,
 So far to go, so much t' indure;
 And all to preach to German dame,
 Where sound of Cupid never came.
 Less had you done, had you been sent
 As far as Drake or Pinto went,
 For cloves or nutmegs to the Line-a,
 Or e'en for oranges to China.

That had indeed been charity ;
Where love-sick ladies helpless lie,
Chapt, and for want of liquor dry.
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear.
What region of the earth's so dull,
That is not of your labours full ?
Triptolemus (so sung the nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But spite of all these fable-makers,
He never sow'd on Almain acres :
No, that was left by fate's decree,
To be perform'd and sung by thee.
Thou break'st thro' forms with as much ease
As the French King thro' articles.
In grand affairs thy days are spent,
In waging weighty compliment,
With such as monarchs represent.
They, whom such vast fatigues attend,
Want some soft minutes to unbend,
To shew the world that now and then
Great ministers are mortal men.

Then Rhenish rummers walk the round ;
In bumpers ev'ry king is crown'd ;
Besides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is sunk,
That pays to make his envoy drunk.
These Dutch delights, I mention'd last,
Suit not, I know, your English taste :
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.

Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your Excellence,
For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,
His Excellence for all but sleeping.

Now if you top in form, and treat,
'Tis the sour sauce to the sweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.

Nay, here's a harder imposition,
Which is indeed the court's petition,
That setting worldly pomp aside,
Which poet has at font deny'd,

You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a play.

This truly is a degradation,
But wou'd oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wise negotiation.

If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will say,
The Duke St. Aignon made a play.

If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
His Grace of Bucks has made a farce,
And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearfal.

Then finish what you have begun;
But scribble faster if you can :

For yet no George, to our discerning,
Has writ without a ten years warning.

*To Mr. SOUTHERNE, on his Comedy call'd
The Wives Excuse.*

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write, while these malignant planets reign,
Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense, or just to wit:
And whilst it lasts, let buffoonry succeed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need.
Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent;
But the gain smells not of the excrement.
The Spanish nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a single show:
But let a monster Muscovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou hast not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet those, who blame thy tale, applaud thy wit:
So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ. }
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
E'en lewdness is made moral in thy scene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;
But rest secure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or his'd,
But with a kind civility dismiss'd;
With such good manners, as the * Wife did use,
Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.
There was a glance at parting; such a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldst be seen, as well as read,
Copy one living author, and one dead:

* The Wife in the play, Mrs. Friendall.

The standard of thy style let Etheregè be;
 For wit, th' immortal Spring of Wycherly:
 Learn, after both, to draw some just design,
 And the next age will learn to copy thine.

To Mr. LEE on his Alexander.

THE blast of common censure cou'd I fear,
 Before your play my name shou'd not appear;
 For 'twill be thought, and with some colour too,
 I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you;
 That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand,
 And play the game into each other's hand;
 And as cheap pen'orths to ourselves afford,
 As Bessus and the brothers of the sword.
 Such libels private men may well endure,
 When states and kings themselves are not secure:
 For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
 Think the best actions on by-ends are built.
 And yet my silence had not 'scap'd their spite;
 Then, envy had not suffer'd me to write;
 For, since I cou'd not ignorance pretend,
 Such merit I must envy or commend.
 So many candidates there stand for wit,
 A place at court is scarce so hard to get:
 In vain they crowd each other at the door;
 For e'en reversions are all begg'd before:
 Desert, how known soe'er, is long delay'd;
 And then too fools and knaves are better pay'd.
 Yet, as some actions bear so great a name,
 That courts themselves are just, for fear of shame;

So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praise, and forc'd itself a way.
'Tis here, as 'tis at sea; who farthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his foes.
Yet when some virtue much out-grows the rest,
It shoots too fast, and high, to be exprest;
As his heroic worth struck envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.
Such praise is yours, while you the passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, brings the sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themselves all phlegm.
Prizes wou'd be for lags of slowest pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Despise those drones, who praise, while they accuse,
The too much vigour of your youthful muse.
That humble style, which they their virtue make,
Is in your pow'r; you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile poets of the crowd.
But how shou'd any sign-post dawber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features ev'ry bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shews a master's hand.

To my dear Friend Mr. CONGREVE, on his Comedy
call'd *The Double Dealer*.

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at last ;
The present age of wit obscures the past :
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conqu'ring with force of arms, and dint of wit :
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood ;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.
Like Janus he the stubborn soil manur'd,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd ;
Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude ;
And boistrous English wit with art indu'd.
Our age was cultivated thus at length ;
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst ;
The second temple was not like the first :
'Till you, the best Vitruvius, came at length ;
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base :
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space :
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace. }
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise ;
He mov'd the mind, but had not pow'r to raise.
Great Johnson did by strength of judgment please ;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In diff'ring talents both adorn'd their age ;
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.

In him all beauties of this age we see,
 Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
 The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherly.
 All this in blooming youth you have atchiev'd :
 Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
 So much the sweetness of your manners move,
 We cannot envy you, because we love.
 Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
 A beardless consul made against the law,
 And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome ;
 Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
 Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
 And scholar to the youth he taught became.

O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
 Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd:
 The father had descended for the son ;
 For only you are lineal to the throne.
 Thus, when the state one Edward did depose,
 A greater Edward in his room arose.
 But now, not I, but poetry is curst ;
 For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
 But let 'em not mistake my patron's part,
 Nor call his charity their own desert.
 Yet this I prophesy ; Thou shalt be seen,
 (Tho' with some short parenthesis between)
 High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
 Not mine (that's little) but thy laurel wear.
 Thy first attempt an early promise made ;
 That early promise this has more than paid.
 So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
 That your least praise is to be regular.

Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought;
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.

This is your portion; this your native store;
Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before, [more.
To Shakespear gave as much; she could not give him

Maintain your post: that's all the same you need;
For 'tis impossible you shou'd proceed.

Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage:

Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's expence,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:

But you, whom ev'ry muse and grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,

Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!

Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you:

And take for tribute what these lines express:
You merit more; nor cou'd my love do less.

*To Mr. GRANVILLE *, on his excellent Tragedy
called Heroic Love.*

Auspicious poet, wert thou not my friend,
How cou'd I envy, what I must commend!

But since 'tis nature's law in love and wit,
That youth shou'd reign, and with'ring age submit,

With less regret those laurels I resign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.

* Lord Landsdowne.

With better grace an ancient chief may yield,
 The long contended honours of the field,
 Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
 And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last.
 Young princes, obstinate to win the prize,
 Tho' yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise :
 Old monarchs, tho' successful, still in doubt,
 Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.
 Thine be the laurel then ; thy blooming age
 Can best, if any can, support the stage ;
 Which so declines, that shortly we may see
 Players and plays reduc'd to second infancy.
 Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,
 They plot not on the stage, but on the town,
 And, in despair their empty pit to fill,
 Set up some foreign monster in a bill.
 Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,
 And murd'ring Plays, which they miscall reviving.
 Our sense is nonsense, through their pipes convey'd ;
 Scarce can a poet know the play he made ;
 'Tis so disguis'd in death ; nor thinks 'tis he
 That suffers in the mangled tragedy.
 Thus Itys first was kill'd, and after dress'd
 For his own fire, the chief invited guest.
 I say not this of thy successful scenes,
 Where, thine was all the glory, theirs the gains,
 With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
 Not ill they acted, what they cou'd not spoil.
 Their setting-sun * still shoots a glimmering ray,
 Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay :

* Mr. Betterton's company in Lincoln's-inn-Fields.

And better gleanings their worn soil can boast,
 Than the crab-vintage of the neighb'ring coast †.
 This diff'rence yet the judging world will see;
 Thou copieſt Homer, and they copy thee.

*To my Friend Mr. MOTTEUX, on his Tragedy called
 Beauty in Distress.*

TIS hard, my friend, to write in ſuch an age,
 As damns, not only poets, but the ſtage.
 That ſacred art, by Heav'n itſelf infus'd,
 Which Moſes, David, Solomon have us'd,
 Is now to be no more: the Muſes' foes
 Wou'd ſink their Maker's praiſes into proſe.
 Were they content to prune the laſh vine
 Of ſtraggl'g branches, and improve the wine,
 Who, but a madman, wou'd his thoughts defend?
 All wou'd ſubmit; for all but fools will mend.
 But when to common ſenſe they give the lye,
 And turn diſtorted words to blaſphemy,
 They give the ſcandal; and the wiſe diſcern,
 Their gloſſes teach an age, too apt to learn.
 What I have looſely, or prophanely, writ,
 Let them to fires, their due deſert, commit:
 Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain:
 Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
 Rebellion, worſe than witchcraft, they purſu'd;
 The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people ru'd.
 The ſtage was ſilenc'd; for the ſaints wou'd ſee
 In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.

† Drury-Lane play-houſe.

But let us first reform, and then so live,
 That we may teach our teachers to forgive :
 Our desk be placed below their lofty chairs ;
 Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
 The moral part, at least, we may divide,
 Humility reward, and punish pride ;
 Ambition, int'rest, avarice accuse :
 These are the province of a tragic muse.
 These hast thou chosen ; and the public voice
 Has equal'd thy performance with thy choice.
 Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee,
 That e'en Cornëille might with envy see
 Th' alliance of his *tripled unity*.
 Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown ;
 But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
 At least but two can that good crime commit,
 Thou in design, and Wycherly in wit.
 Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare ;
 Contented to be thinly regular :
 Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
 With more increase rewards thy happy toil.
 Their tongue, enfeebl'd, is refin'd too much ;
 And, like pure gold, it bends at ev'ry touch :
 Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
 More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd with allay.
 But whence art thou inspir'd, and thou alone,
 To flourish in an idiom not thy own ?
 It moves our wonder, that a foreign guest
 Shou'd over-match the most, and match the best.
 In under-praising thy deserts, I wrong ;
 Here find the first deficiency of our tongue :
 Words, once my stock, are wanting, to commend
 So great a poet, and so good a friend.

To HENRY HIGDEN, Esq; on his Translation of the
Tenth Satire of JUVENAL.

THE Grecian wits, who satire first began,
Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man;
At mighty villains, who the state oppress,
They durst not rail, perhaps; they lash'd, at least,
And turn'd them out of office with a jest. }
No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wise legislators never yet could draw
A sop within the reach of common law;
For posture, dress, grimace and affectation,
Tho' foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.
Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
And satire is our court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
But * yours, who liv'd in more degenerate times,
Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry crimes.
Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him so well,
You make him smile in spite of all his zeal:
An art peculiar to yourself alone,
To join the virtues of two styles in one.

Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the lab'ring world would be reliev'd:
For not to wish is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge wou'd into charity be chang'd,
Because it costs too dear to be reveng'd: }

* Juvenal.

It costs our quiet and content of mind,
 And when 'tis compass'd leaves a sting behind.
 Suppose I had the better end o' th' staff,
 Why should I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh?
 'Tis all alike to them, who get the day;
 They love the spite and mischief of the fray.
 No; I have cur'd myself of that disease;
 Nor will I be provok'd, but when I please:
 But let me half that cure to you restore;
 You give the salve, I laid it to the sore.

Our kind relief against a rainy day,
 Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
 We take your book, and laugh our spleen away. }
 If all your tribe, too studious of debate,
 Would cease false hopes and titles to create,
 Led by the rare example you begun,
 Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

*To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, Principal Painter to
 his Majesty.*

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her kind,
 And still the sweet idea charms my mind:
 True, she was dumb; for nature gaz'd so long,
 Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue;
 But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the prize;
 I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.
 Such are thy pictures, Kneller; such thy skill,
 That nature seems obedient to thy will;

Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to speak her thought.
At least thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.

Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife;
And from their animated canvass came,
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.

Prometheus, were he here, wou'd cast away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay;
And either wou'd thy noble work inspire,
Or think it warm enough, without his fire.

But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise;
This is the least attendant on thy praise:
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, first imitated man:
Perhaps, the shadow, taken on a wall,
Gave out-lines to the rude original;
Ere canvass yet was strain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their use and place,
Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face.

By slow degrees the Godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew polish'd, picture was enhanc'd:
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective;
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,
But all came forward in one common view:

No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did strive:
'Till Goths, and Vandals, a rude Northern race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface.
Then all the muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t'enervate poetry.
Thus, in a stupid military state,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
Flat faces, such as wou'd disgrace a skreen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.

Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep:
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.

Thence rose the Roman, and the Lombard line:
One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.

Thy genius gives thee both; where true design,
Postures unforc'd, and lively colours join.
Likeness is ever there; but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest:
Where light, to shades descending, plays, not strives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.

* Shakespear; thy gift, I place before my sight;
With awe, I ask his blessing ere I write;
With rev'rence look on his majestic face;
Proud to be less, but of his Godlike race.
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight:
Bids thee, thro' me, be bold; with dauntless breast
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best.
Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are lost:
When most they rail, know then, they envy most.
In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy croud,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren industry deplore,
Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.
Old as she is, my muse shall march behind,
Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth;
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth:
But oh, the painter muse, tho' last in place,
Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so had I;
But pass we that unpleasing image by.
Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine;
All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.

* Shakespear's picture drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and given to the author.

Likeness appears in every lineament;
 But likeness in thy work is eloquent.
 Tho' nature there her true resemblance bears,
 A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
 So warm thy work, so glows the gen'rous frame,
 Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.
 Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,
 When on wild nature we ingraft our skill;
 But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower space,
 To speak the language of their native place:
 The painter widely stretches his command;
 Thy pencil speaks the tongue of ev'ry land.
 From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,
 Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.

All nations all immunities will give
 To make you theirs, where'er you please to live;
 And not sev'n cities, but the world wou'd strive.

Sure some propitious planet then did smile,
 When first you were conducted to this isle:
 Our Genius brought you here, t'inlarge our fame;
 For your good stars are ev'ry where the same.
 Thy matchless hand, of ev'ry region free,
 Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

† Great Rome and Venice early did impart
 To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.
 Those masters then, but seen, not understood,
 With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
 For what in nature's dawn the child admir'd,
 The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.

† He travelled very young into Italy.

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree,
 'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
 Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
 Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design
 A more exalted work, and more divine.
 For what a song, or senseless opera
 Is to the living labour of a play;
 Or what a play to Virgil's work wou'd be,
 Such is a single piece to history.

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live:
 Kings cannot reign, unless their subjects give;
 And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule:
 Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool:
 But so his follies in thy posture sink,
 The senseless ideot seems at last to think.

Good Heav'n! that sots and knaves shou'd be so vain,
 To wish their vile resemblance may remain!
 And stand recorded, at their own request,
 To future days, a libel or a jest!

Else shou'd we see your noble pencil trace
 Our unities of action, time, and place:
 A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best,
 With ev'ry various character exprest:
 Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
 Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew.
 While all the figures in one action join,
 As tending to complete the main design.

More cannot be by mortal art exprest;
 But venerable age shall add the rest.
 For Time shall with his ready pencil stand;
 Retouch your figures with his ripening hand;

Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint;
 Add ev'ry grace, which Time alone can grant;
 To future ages shall your fame convey,
 And give more beauties than he takes away.

PROLOGUES

AND

EPILOGUES.

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
LONDON
1850

PROLOGUES



EPICLOGUES

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PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD, 1674.

Spoken by Mr. HART.

POETS, your subjects, have their parts assign'd
 T' unbend, and to divert their sov'reign's mind:
 When, tir'd with following nature, you think fit
 To seek repose in the cool shades of wit,
 And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey
 What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
 Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,
 You view the various turns of human life:
 Safe in our scene, through dangerous courts you go,
 And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
 Your theories are here to practice brought,
 As in mechanic operations wrought;
 And man, the little world, before you set,
 As once the sphere of crystal shew'd the great.
 Blest sure are you above all mortal kind,
 If to your fortunes you can suit your mind:
 Content to see, and shun, those ills we show,
 And crimes on theatres alone to know.
 With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
 And beg from you the value of their wit:

That Shakespear's, Fletcher's, and great Johnson's claim
 May be renew'd from those who gave them fame.
 None of our living poets dare appear;
 For muses so severe are worshipp'd here,
 That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,
 And, as prophane, from sacred places fly,
 Rather than see th' offended God, and die.
 We bring no imperfections, but our own;
 Such faults as made are by the makers shown:
 And you have been so kind, that we may boast,
 The greatest judges still can pardon most.
 Poets must stoop, when they would please our pit,
 Debas'd even to the level of their wit;
 Disdaining that, which yet they know will take,
 Hating themselves what their applause must make:
 But when to praise from you they would aspire,
 Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
 So far your knowledge all their pow'r transcends,
 As what *should* be beyond what *is* extends.

PROLOGUE *spoken at the opening of the New House,*
March 26, 1674.

A Plain built house, after so long a stay,
 Will send you half unsatisfy'd away;
 When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
 A bare convenience only is design'd.
 You, who each day can theatres behold,
 Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,
 Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,
 And, for the homely room, disdain the chear.

Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
 And a plain suit (since we can make but one)
 Is better than to be by tarnish'd gawdry known.
 They, who are by your favours wealthy made,
 With mighty sums may carry on the trade:
 We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by fire,
 With our small stock to humble roofs retire;
 Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.
 For fame and honour we no longer strive,
 We yield in both, and only beg to live:
 Unable to support their vast expence,
 Who build and treat with such magnificence;
 That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
 They give the law to our provincial stage.
 Great neighbours enviously promote excess,
 While they impose their splendor on the less.
 But only fools, and they of vast estate,
 Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
 The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
 Yet if some pride with want may be allow'd,
 We in our plainness may be justly proud:
 Our royal master will'd it shou'd be so;
 Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no show:
 That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
 And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass.
 'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
 To build a play-house while you throw down plays.
 While scenes, machines, and empty Operas reign,
 And for the pencil you the pen disdain:
 While troops of famish'd Frenchmen hither drive,
 And laugh at those upon whose alms they live:

Old English authors vanish, and give place
 To these new conqu'rors of the Norman race.
 More tamely than your fathers you submit;
 You're now grown vassals to 'em in your wit.
 Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance
 The mighty merits of their men of France,
 Keep time, cry *bon*, and humour the cadence.
 Well, please yourselves; but sure 'tis understood,
 That French machines have ne'er done England good.
 I wou'd not prophesy our house's fate:
 But while vain shows and scenes you over-rate,
 'Tis to be fear'd——
 That as a fire the former house o'erthrew,
 Machines and tempests will destroy the new.

EPILOGUE *on the same Occasion.*

THough what our prologue said was sadly true,
 Yet, gentlemen, our homely house is new,
 A charm that seldom fails with, wicked, you.
 A country lip may have the velvet touch;
 Though she's no lady, you may think her such:
 A strong imagination may do much.
 But you, loud sirs, who through your curls look big,
 Critics in plume and white Vallancy wig,
 Who lolling on our foremost benches sit,
 And still charge first (the true forlorn of wit;)

Whose favours, like the sun, warm where you rowl,
 Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor soul;
 So may your hats your foretops never press,
 Untouch'd your ribbons, sacred be your dress;

So may you slowly to old age advance,
And have th' excuse of youth for ignorance;
So may Fop-corner full of noise remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;
So may your midnight scowrings happy prove,
And morning batt'ries force your way to love;
So may not France your warlike hands recal,
But leave you by each others swords to fall:
As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
When sober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.
But to the wits we can some merit plead,
And urge what by themselves has oft been said:
Our house relieves the ladies from the frights
Of ill-pav'd streets, and long dark winter nights;
The Flanders horses from a cold bleak road,
Where bears in furs dare scarcely look abroad;
The audience from worn plays and fustian stuff
Of rhyme, more nauseous than three boys in buff.
Though in their house the poets heads appear,
We hope we may presume their wits are here.
The best which they reserv'd they now will play;
For, like kind cuckolds, tho' w' have not the way
To please, we'll find you abler men who may.
If they shou'd fail, for last recruits we breed
A troop of frisking Monsieurs to succeed:
You know the French sure cards in time of need.

PROLOGUE TO CIRCE

By Dr. DAVENANT. 1675.

WERE you but half so wise as you're severe,
 Our youthful poet shou'd not need to fear :
 To his green years your censures you would suit,
 Not blast the blossom, but expect the fruit.
 The sex, that best does pleasure understand,
 Will always choose to err on t'other hand.
 They check not him that's aukward in delight,
 But clap the young rogue's cheek, and set him right.
 Thus hearten'd well, and flesh'd upon his prey,
 The youth may prove a man another day.
 Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
 Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write ;
 But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
 From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
 And each was guilty of some *slighted maid*.
 Shakespear's own muse her Pericles first bore ;
 The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moore :
 'Tis miracle to see a first good play ;
 All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.
 A slender poet must have time to grow,
 And spread and burnish as his brothers do.
 Who still looks lean, sure with some pox is curst :
 But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.
 Then damn not, but indulge his rude essays,
 Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise,
 That he may get more bulk before he dies :
 He's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.
 Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
 He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

*EPILOGUE, intended to have been spoken by the
Lady Henr. Mar. Wentworth, when Calisto * was
acted at court.*

A S. Jupiter I made my court in vain;
I'll now assume my native shape again.
I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
And would not be a god to be refus'd.
State grows uneasy when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wise remove.
Now as a nymph I need not sue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a god command;
No Jove could e'er the force of these withstand.
'Tis here that sov'reign power admits dispute;
Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
Our sullen Cato's, whatsoe'er they say,
Even while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
You, mighty Sir, our bonds more easy make,
And gracefully, what all must suffer, take:
Above those forms the grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.
True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften business with the charms of wit.
These peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midst of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit in peace the arbiter of war:
Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains despise,
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:

† A Masque by Mr. Crown, 1675.

And in its happy leifure fit and fee
 The promifes of more felicity:
 Two glorious nymphs of your own Godlike line,
 Whose morning rays like noontide ftrike and fhine;
 Whom you to fuppliant monarchs fhall difpofe,
 To bind your friends, and to difarm your foes.

*EPILOGUE to the MAN of MODE,
 or SIR FOPPING FLUTTER.*

(By Sir G. ETHEREGE. 1676.)

MOST modern wits fuch monftrous fools have
 fhown,
 They feem not of Heav'n's making, but their own.
 Thofe naufeous Harlequins in fance may pafs;
 But there goes more to a Subftantial fass:
 Something of man muft be expos'd to view;
 That, gallants, they may more refemble you.
 Sir Fopling is a fool fo nicely writ,
 The ladies wou'd miftake him for a wit;
 And, when he fings, talks loud, and cocks, wou'd cry,
 I vow, methinks, he's pretty company;
 So brisk, fo gay, fo travell'd, fo refin'd,
 As he took pains to graft upon his kind.
 True fops help nature's work, and go to fchool,
 To file and finifh God Almighty's fool.
 Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
 He's knight o' th' fhire, and represents ye all.
 From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
 Legion's his name, a people in a man.

His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
 And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball grows.
 His various modes from various fathers follow;
 One taught the rofs, and one the new French wallow.
 His sword-knot this, his cravat that design'd;
 And this, the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
 From one the sacred periwig he gain'd,
 Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat prophan'd.
 Another's diving bow he did adore,
 Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
 'Till he with full *decorum* brings it back,
 And rises with a water-spaniel shake:
 As for his songs, (the ladies dear delight)
 These sure he took from most of you who write.
 Yet ev'ry man is safe from what he fear'd;
 For no one foot is hunted from the herd.

EPILOGUE to MITHRIDATES

King of PONTUS.

(By Mr. N. LEE. 1678.)

YOu've seen a pair of faithful lovers die:
 And much you care; for most of you will cry,
 'Twas a just judgment on their constancy.
 For, Heav'n be thank'd, we live in such an age,
 When no man dies for love, but on the stage:
 And e'en those martyrs are but rare in plays;
 A cursed sign how much true faith decays.
 Love is no more a violent desire;
 'Tis a meer metaphor, a painted fire.
 In all our sex, the name examin'd well,
 'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.

In woman, 'tis a subtle int'rest made :
 Curse on the punk that made it first a trade !
 She first did wit's prerogative remove,
 And made a fool presume to prate of love.
 Let honour and preferment go for gold ;
 But glorious beauty is not to be sold :
 Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,
 That nothing but adoring it shou'd buy.
 Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare ;
 They purchase but sophisticated ware.
 'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
 Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
 Men but refine on the old half-crown way ;
 And women fight, like Swissers, for their pay.

PROLOGUE to CAESAR BORGIA.

(By Mr. N. LEE. 1680.)

TH' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
 Lives not to please himself, but other men ;
 Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
 Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
 What praise so'er the poetry deserve,
 Yet ev'ry fool can bid the poet starve.
 That fumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
 Because he thinks himself or whore is meant :
 Name but a cuckold, all the city swarms ;
 From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms :
 Were there no fear of Antichrist or France,
 In the blest time poor poets live by chance.

Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careless and qualmish with a yawning face :
You sleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may ;
Most of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of some prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourselves, and all the world beside.
One theatre there is of vast resort,
Which whilom of *Requests* was call'd *The Court* ;
But now the great *Exchange of News* 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon till night.
Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face.
So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.
But all your entertainment still is fed
By villains in your own dull island bred.
Wou'd you return to us, we dare engage
To shew you better rogues upon the stage.
You know no poison but plain ratsbane here ;
Death's more refin'd, and better bred elsewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy
By smelling a perfume to make you die ;
A trick wou'd make you lay your snuff-box by.
Murder's a trade, so known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible as is the chair.
But, mark their feast, you shall behold such pranks ;
The pope says grace, but 'tis the dev'l gives thanks.

PROLOGUE to SOPHONISBA
at Oxford, 1680.

THespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes, sung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass,
Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis.
But Æschylus, says Horace in some page,
Was the first mountebank that trode the stage:
Yet Athens never knew your learned sport
Of tossing poets in a tennis-court.
But 'tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation:
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter shall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And ev'ry pray'r be longer than a play.
Then all your heathen wits shall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a *Popish-plot*:
Your poets shall be us'd like infidels,
And worst the author of the *Oxford Bells*:
Nor should we 'scape the sentence, to depart,
E'en in our first original, a cart.
No zealous brother there wou'd want a stone,
To maul us *cardinals*, and pelt Pope *Joan*:
Religion, learning, wit, wou'd be suppress'd,
Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beast:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,
As chief supporters of the triple crown;
And Aristotle's for destruction ripe;
Some say, he call'd the soul an organ-pipe,
Which, by some little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inspiration.

PROLOGUE to the University of OXFORD,

1681.

THE fam'd Italian muse, whose rhimes advance
 Orlando, and the Paladins of France,
 Records, that, when our wit and sense is flown,
 'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon,
 In earthen jars, which one, who thither soar'd,
 Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd.
 Whate'er the story be, the moral's true;
 The wit we lost in town, we find in you.
 Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
 And fill their windy heads with sober sense.
 When London votes with Southwark's disagree,
 Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.
 Here busy senates, to th' old cause inclin'd,
 May snuff the votes their fellows left behind:
 Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear,
 May come, and find their *last provision* here:
 Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
 Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one cross.
 We look'd what representatives wou'd bring;
 But they help'd us, just as they did the king.
 Yet we despair not; for we now lay forth
 The Sibyls books to those who know their worth;
 And tho' the first was sacrific'd before,
 These volumes doubly will the price restore.
 Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
 To whom by long prescription you are kind.
 He, whose undaunted muse, with loyal rage,
 Has never spar'd the vices of the age,
 Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,
 Is forc'd to turn his satire into praise.

PROLOGUE to his ROYAL HIGHNESS, upon his first
Appearance at the Duke's Theatre, after his Re-
turn from SCOTLAND, 1682.

IN those cold regions which no Summers chear,
 Where brooding darkness covers half the year,
 To hollow caves the shiv'ring natives go;
 Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow:
 But when the tedious twilight wears away,
 And stars grow paler at th' approach of day,
 The longing crowds to frozen mountain's run;
 Happy who first can see the glimm'ring sun:
 The surly savage offspring disappear,
 And curse the bright successor of the year.
 Yet, though rough bears in covert seek defence,
 White foxes stay, with seeming innocence:
 That crafty kind with day-light can dispense.
 Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's race,
 That loyal subjects scarce can find a place:
 Thus modest truth is cast behind the croud:
 Truth speaks too low; hypocrisy too loud.
 Let 'em be first to flatter in success;
 Duty can stay, but guilt has need to press.
 Once, when true zeal the sons of God did call,
 To make their solemn shew at Heav'n's Whitehall,
 The sawning devil appear'd among the rest,
 And made as good a courtier as the best.
 The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
 Came cap in hand when he had three times more.
 Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;
 Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue:

A tyrant's pow'r in rigour is exprest;
 The father yearns in the true prince's breast.
 We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend;
 But most are babes, that know not they offend.
 The croud, to restless motion still inclin'd,
 Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
 Driv'n by their chiefs they storms of hailstones pour;
 Then mourn, and soften to a silent show'r.
 O welcome to this much-offending land,
 The prince that brings forgiveness in his hand!
 Thus angels on glad messages appear:
 Their first salute commands us not to fear:
 Thus Heav'n, that cou'd constrain us to obey,
 (With rev'rence if we might presume to say)
 Seems to relax the rights of sov'reign sway:
 Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
 And makes us happy by our own free-will.

PROLOGUE to the EARL of ESSEX.

(By Mr. J. BANKS. 1682.)

*Spoken to the King and the Queen at their coming to
the House.*

When first the ark was landed on the shore,
 And Heav'n had vow'd to curse the ground
 no more;

When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,
 And the new scene of earth began to draw;
 The dove was sent to view the waves decrease,
 And first brought back to man the pledge of peace.

'Tis needless to apply, when those appear,
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal dove,
Still innocent, as harbinger to love:
The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, ye pow'rs, why shou'd vain man pursue,
With endless toil, each object that is new,
And for the seeming substance leave the true?
Why shou'd we quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the manna of his daily food?
Must England still the scene of changes be,
Toft and tempestuous, like our ambient sea?
Must still our weather and our wills agree?
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free wou'd fight to be a slave?
Or, what can wars to after-times assure,
Of which our present age is not secure?
All that our monarch wou'd for us ordain,
Is but t' enjoy the blessings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
While we preserve our state of innocence:
That lost, then beasts their brutal force employ,
And first their lord, and then themselves destroy.
What civil broils have cost, we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
And ev'ry heart conspire, and ev'ry tongue,
Still to have such a king, and this king long.

PROLOGUE to the LOYAL BROTHER;

*Or, The PERSIAN PRINCE.**(By Mr. SOUTHERNE. 1682.)*

POets, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the stage, [age.
 Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our
 Mark how they jump: critics wou'd regulate
 Our theatres, and Whigs reform our state:
 Both pretend love, and both (plague rot 'em!) hate.
 The critic humbly seems advice to bring;
 The fawning Whig petitions to the king:
 But one's advice into a satire slides;
 T'other's petition a remonstrance hides.
 These will no taxes give, and those no pence;
 Critics would starve the poet, Whigs the prince.
 The critic all our troops of friends discards;
 Just so the Whig wou'd fain pull down the guards.
 Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
 As watchful shepherds, that fright beasts of prey.
 Kings, who disband such needless aids as these,
 Are safe—as long as e'er their subjects please:
 And that wou'd be 'till next Queen Bess's night:
 Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.
 Sir Edmond Bury first, in woful wise,
 Leads up the show, and milks their maudlin eyes.
 There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
 And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
 Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
 And, with a civil congé, does retire.
 But guiltless blood to ground must never fall;
 There's Antichrist behind, to pay for all.

The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
 A lewd old gentleman of seventy years :
 Whose age in vain our mercy wou'd implore ;
 For few take pity on an old cast whore.
 The dev'l, who brought him to the shame, takes part ;
 Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart ;
 Like thief and parson in a Tyburn-cart. }
 The word is giv'n, and with a loud huzza
 The mitred puppet from his chair they draw :
 On the slain corps contending nations fall :
 Alas ! what's one poor pope among 'em all !
 He burns ; now all true hearts your triumphs ring ;
 And next (for fashion) cry, *God save the King.*
 A needful cry in midst of such alarms,
 When forty thousand men are up in arms.
 But after he's once sav'd, to make amends,
 In each succeeding health they damn his friends : }
 So God begins, but still the devil ends.
 What if some one, inspir'd with zeal, shou'd call,
 Come, let's go cry, *God save him at Whitehall ?*
 His best friends wou'd not like this over-care,
 Or think him ere the safer for this pray'r.
 Five praying saints are by an act allow'd ;
 But not the whole church-militant in croud.
 Yet, shou'd Heav'n all the true petitions drain
 Of Presbyterians, who wou'd kings maintain,
 Of forty thousand, five wou'd scarce remain. }

EPILOGUE to the same.

A Virgin poet was serv'd up to-day,
 Who, till this hour, ne'er cackl'd for a play.

He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory boy ;
 But, like a girl, whom sev'ral wou'd enjoy,
 Begs leave to make the best of his own nat'ral toy.
 Were I to play my callow author's game,
 The king's house would instruct me by the name.
 There's loyalty to one : I wish no more :
 A commonwealth sounds like a common whore.
 Let husband or gallant be what they will,
 One part of woman is true Tory still.
 If any factious spirit should rebel,
 Our sex, with ease, can ev'ry rising quell.
 Then, as you hope we shou'd your failings hide,
 An honest jury for our play provide.
 Whigs at their poets never take offence ;
 They save dull culprits, who have murder'd sense.
 Tho' nonsense is a nauseous heavy mass,
 The vehicle call'd faction makes it pass.
 Faction in plays the commonwealth-man's bribe ;
 The leaden farthing of the canting tribe :
 Tho' void in payment laws and statutes make it,
 The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.
 'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit ;
 Their's is the pension-parliament of wit.
 In city-clubs their venom let them vent ;
 For there 'tis safe, in its own element.
 Here, where their madness can have no pretence,
 Let them forget themselves an hour of sense.
 In one poor isle, why shou'd two factions be ?
 Small diff'rence in your vices I can see :
 In drink and drabs both sides too well agree.
 Wou'd there were more preferments in the land :
 If places fell, the party cou'd not stand.

Of this damn'd grievance ev'ry Whig complains;
 They grunt like hogs, till they have got their grains.
 Mean time you see what trade our plots advance;
 We send each year good money into France;
 And they that know what merchandife we need,
 Send o'er true protestants to mend our breed.

EPILOGUE to CONSTANTINE the GREAT.

(By Mr. N. LEE. 1684.)

OUR hero's happy in the play's conclusion;
 The holy rogue at last has met confusion:
 Tho' Arius all along appear'd a saint,
 The last act shew'd him a true Protestant.
 Eusebius (for you know I read Greek authors)
 Reports, that, after all these plots and slaughters,
 The court of Constantine was full of glory,
 And ev'ry Trimmer turn'd addressing Tory.
 They follow'd him in herds as they were mad:
 When *Claufe* was king, then all the world was glad.
 Whigs kept the places they possess'd before,
 And most were in a way of getting more;
 Which was as much as saying, gentlemen,
 Here's pow'r and money to be rogues again.
 Indeed, there were a sort of peaking tools,
 Some call them modest, but I call them fools,
 Men much more loyal, tho' not half so loud;
 But these poor devils were cast behind the croud.
 For bold knaves thrive without one grain of sense,
 But good men starve for want of impudence.

Besides all these, there were a sort of wights,
 (I think my author calls them Tekelites)
 Such hearty rogues against the king and laws,
 They favour'd e'en a foreign rebel's cause.
 When their own damn'd design was quash'd and aw'd,
 At least, they gave it their good word abroad.
 As many a man, who, for a quiet life,
 Breeds out his bastard, not to noise his wife;
 Thus o'er their darling plot these Trimmers cry;
 And tho' they cannot keep it in their eye,
 They bind it prentice to Count Tekely. }
 They b'lieve not the last plot; may I be curst,
 If I believe they e'er believ'd the first.
 No wonder their own plot no plot they think;
 The man, that makes it, never smells the stink.
 And now it comes into my head, I'll tell
 Why these damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks so well.
 Th' orig'nal Trimmer, tho' a friend to no man,
 Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman;
 He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever,
 Kind black-ey'd rogues, for every true believer;
 And, which was more than mortal man e'er tasted,
 One pleasure that for threescore twelvemonths lasted:
 To turn for this, may surely be forgiven:
 Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a heav'n?

PROLOGUE to *The DISSAPPOINTMENT,*
Or, The MOTHER in FASHION.

By Mr. SOUTHERNE. 1684.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

HOW comes it, gentlemen, that now-a-days
 When all of you so shrewdly judge of plays,
 Our poets tax you still with want of sense?
 All prologues treat you at your own expence:
 Sharp citizens a wiser way can go;
 They make you fools; but never call you so:
 They, in good manners, seldom make a slip,
 But treat a common whore with ladyship:
 But here each saucy wit at random writes,
 And uses ladies as he uses knights.
 Our author, young and grateful in his nature,
 Vows, that from him no nymph deserves a satire:
 Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme,
 Against the sweet partaker of his crime.
 Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker,
 To call men fools; 'tis railing at their Maker.
 Besides, he fears to split upon that shelf;
 He's young enough to be a fop himself:
 And, if his praise can bring you all a-bed,
 He swears such hopeful youth no nation ever bred.

Your nurses, we presume, in such a case,
 Your father chose, because he lik'd the face;
 And, often, they supply'd your mother's place.
 The dry-nurse was your mother's ancient maid,
 Who knew some former slip she ne'er betray'd.

Betwixt 'em both, for milk and sugar-candy,
 Your sucking bottles were well stor'd with brandy.
 Your father, to initiate your discourse,
 Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse;
 But was prevented by each careful nurse.
 For, leaving dad and mam, as names too common,
 They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
 I pass your schools; for there when first you came,
 You wou'd be sure to learn the Latin name.
 In colleges you scorn'd the art of thinking,
 But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking:
 Thence come to town, you practise play, to know
 The virtues of the high dice, and the low.
 Each thinks himself a sharper most profound:
 He cheats by pence; is cheated by the pound.
 With these perfections, and what else he gleans,
 The spark sets up for love behind our scenes;
 Hot in pursuit of princesses and queens.
 There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,
 Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
 He hires some homely room, love's fruits to gather,
 And garret-high rebels against his father:
 But he once dead——
 Brings her in triumph, with her portion, down,
 A toilet, dressing-box, and half a crown.
 Some marry first, and then they fall to scowring,
 Which is, refining marriage into whoring.
 Our women batten well on their good-nature;
 All they can rap and rend for the dear creature.
 But while abroad so liberal the dolt is,
 Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.

Last, some there are, who take their first degrees
Of lewdness in our middle galleries.

The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grubble one another's punk :
They caterwaul, and make a dismal rout,
Call sons of whores, and strike, but ne'er lug out :
Thus while for paltry punk they roar and stickle,
They make it bawdier than a conventicle.

*PROLOGUE to the King and Queen, upon the Union
of the two Companies in 1686.*

Since faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion,
Their penny-scribes take care t'inform the nation,
How well men thrive in this or that plantation :

How Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with associators :
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with faints is so run o'er,
And every age produces such a store,
That now there's need of two New-Englands more.

What's this, you'll say, to us and our vocation ?
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this theatre our new plantation.

The factious natives never cou'd agree ;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those play-house Whigs set up for property.

Some say, they no obedience paid of late;
But would new fears and jealousies create;
'Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and
quelling:
For seldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter
For lawless pow'r, sometimes they catch a Tartar:
There's a damn'd word that rhimes to this, call'd
charter.

But, since the victory with us remains,
You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains;
If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight 'em:
And you, fair ladies and gallants that slight 'em,
We'll treat with good new plays; if our new wits
can write 'em.

We'll take no blundring verse, no fustian tumour,
No dribbling love, from this or that presumer:
No dull fat fool sham'd on the stage for humour.

For, faith, some of 'em such vile stuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd;
But 'twas, as shop-men say, to force a trade.

We've giv'n you tragedies, all sense defying,
 And singing men, in woeful metre dying;
 This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather;
 We bring you none of our old lumber hither :
 Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang together.

EPILOGUE on the same occasion.

NEW ministers, when first they get in place,
 Must have a care to please; and that's our case:
 Some laws for public welfare we design,
 If you, the power supreme, will please to join :
 There are a sort of prattlers in the pit,
 Who either have, or who pretend to wit:
 These noisy sirs so loud their parts rehearse,
 That oft the play is silenc'd by the farce.
 Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun,
 Each to be thought my lady's eldest son.
 But stay: methinks some Vizard Mask I see,
 Cast out her lure from the mid gallery :
 About her all the flutt'ring sparks are rang'd ;
 The noise continues though the scene is chang'd :
 Now growling, sputt'ring, wauling, such a clutter,
 'Tis just like pufs defendant in a gutter :
 Fine love no doubt; but ere two days are o'er ye,
 The surgeon will be told a woeful story.
 Let Vizard Mask her naked face expose,
 On pain of being thought to want a nose :

Then for your lacqueys, and your train beside,
(By what-e'er name or title dignify'd)
They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs
Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of bears :
They're grown a nuisance, beyond all disasters;
We've none so great, but their unpaying Masters.
We beg you, Sirs, to beg your men, that they
Wou'd please to give you leave to hear the play.
Next in the play-house spare your precious lives;
Think, like good Christians, on your bearns and wives:
Think on your souls; but by your lugging forth,
It seems you know how little they are worth.
If none of these will move the warlike mind,
Think on the helpless whore you leave behind.
We beg you, last, our scene-room to forbear,
And leave our goods and chattles to our care.
Alas ! our women are but washy toys,
And wholly taken up in stage employs :
Poor willing tits they are : but yet I doubt
This double duty soon will wear 'em out.
Then you are watch'd besides with jealous care;
What if my lady's page shou'd find you there ?
My lady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye;
No passing your gilt shilling for a guinea.
Thus, gentlemen, we have summ'd up in short
Our grievances, from country, town, and court:
Which humbly we submit to your good pleasure;
But first vote money, then redress at leisure.

PROLOGUE to the PRINCESS of CLEVES.

(By Mr. N. LEE. 1689.)

Ladies ! (I hope there's none behind to hear)
 I long to whisper something in your ear :
 A secret, which does much my mind perplex :
 There's treason in the play against our sex.
 A man that's false to love, that vows and cheats,
 And kisses every living thing he meets.
 A rogue in mode (I dare not speak too broad)
 One that does something to the very bawd.
 Out on him, traitor, for a filthy beast ;
 Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest :
 None of 'em stick at mark ; they all deceive. }
 Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe ;
 There Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve. }
 To hide their faults they rap out oaths, and tear :
 Now, tho' we lye, we're too well bred to swear.
 So we compound for half the sin we owe,
 But men are dipt for soul and body too ;
 And, when found out, excuse themselves, pox cant 'em,
 With Latin stuff, *perjuria ridet amantum*.
 I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue ;
 But I suspect 'tis Latin for a rogue.
 I'm sure, I never heard that scritch-owl hollow'd
 In my poor ears, but separation follow'd.
 How can such perjurd villains e'er be saved ?
 Achitophel's not half so false to David.
 With vows and soft expressions to allure,
 They stand, like foremen of a shop, demure :
 No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,
 And for the next new face ride out a padding.

Yet, by their favour, when they have been kissing,
 We can perceive the ready money missing.
 Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good e'en wink;
 Something we find, and something they will sink.
 But, since they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts,
 To trump their diamonds, as they trump our hearts.

EPILOGUE to the same.

A Qualm of conscience brings me back again,
 To make amends to you bespatter'd men.
 We women love like cats, that hide their joys,
 By growling, squalling, and a hideous noise.
 I rail'd at wild young sparks; but, without lying,
 Never was man worse thought on for high-flying.
 The prodigal of love gives each her part,
 And squandring shows, at least, a noble heart.
 I've heard of men, who, in some lewd lampoon,
 Have hir'd a friend, to make their valour known.
 That accusation straight this question brings;
 What is the man that does such naughty things?
 The spaniel lover, like a sneaking fop,
 Lies at our feet: he's scarce worth taking up.
 'Tis true, such heroes in a play go far;
 But chamber practice is not like the bar.
 When men such vile, such feint, petitions make,
 We fear to give, because they fear to take;
 Since modesty's the virtue of our kind,
 Pray let it be to our own sex confin'd.
 When men usurp it from the female nation,
 'Tis but a work of supererogation —

We shew'd a princess in the play, 'tis true,
 Who gave her Caesar more than all his due;
 Told her own faults: but I shou'd much abhor
 To choose a husband for my confessor.
 You see what fate follow'd the saint-like fool,
 For telling tales from out the nuptial school.
 Our play a merry comedy had prov'd,
 Had she confess'd so much to him she lov'd.
 True Presbyterian wives the *means* wou'd try;
 But damn'd confessing is flat Popery.

PROLOGUE to the WIDOW RANTER.

(By Mrs. BEHN. 1690.)

HEav'n save ye, gallants, and this hopeful age;
 Y're welcome to the downfal of the stage:
 The fools have labour'd long in their vocation;
 And vice (the manufacture of the nation)
 O'erstocks the town so much, and thrives so well,
 That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell.
 In vain our wares on theatres are shown,
 When each has a plantation of his own.
 His cause ne'er fails; for whatsoe'er he spends,
 There's still God's plenty for himself and friends.
 Shou'd men be rated by poetic rules,
 Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!
 Mean time poor wit prohibited must lie,
 As if 'twere made some French commodity.
 Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expence;
 And yet, as soon as seen, they give offence.

Time was, when none wou'd cry, That oaf was me;
 But now you strive about your pedigree.
 Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
 But there's a mufs of more than half the town.
 Each one will challenge a child's part at least;
 A sign the family is well increast.
 Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
 When we're supply'd so fast with English breed.
 Well! flourish, countrymen, drink, swear, and roar;
 Let ev'ry free-born subject keep his whore,
 And wand'ring in the wilderness about,
 At end of forty years not wear her out.
 But when you see these pictures, let none dare
 To own beyond a limb or single share:
 For where the punk is common, he's a sot,
 Who needs will father what the parish got.

EPILOGUE to HENRY II.

(By Mr. MOUNTFORT. 1693.)

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THUS you the sad catastrophe have seen,
 Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen.
 Queen Eleanor the Proud was French, they say;
 But English manufacture got the day.
 Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver:
 Fair Rosamond was but her *nom de guerre*.
 Now tell me, gallants, wou'd you lead your life
 With such a mistress, or with such a wife?
 If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve,
 The curtain lecture, or the curtain love?

Wou'd ye be godly with perpetual strife,
 Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife;
 Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
 Like honest whoring Harry in the play?
 I guess your minds: the mistress wou'd be taken,
 And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.
 The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
 You love the bride, but you detest the clog.
 After a year, poor spouse is left i' th' lurch,
 And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
 Or, if the name of church comes cros your mind,
 Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.
 The play-house is a kind of market-place;
 One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
 Nay, some of you (I dare not say how many)
 Wou'd buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
 E'en this poor face (which with my fan I hide)
 Wou'd make a shift my portion to provide,
 With some small perquisites I have beside.
 Tho' for your love, perhaps, I shou'd not care,
 I cou'd not hate a man that bids me fair.
 What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
 But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
 And fear the poison that wou'd make me swell.

A PROLOGUE.

IF yet there be a few that take delight
 In that which reasonable men should write;
 To them alone we dedicate this night.

The rest may satisfy their curious itch
With city Gazettes, or some factious speech,
Or what-e'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the Shrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your Benches, you apostate pit,
And take, above, twelve penny-worth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or see what's worse, the devil and the pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted stage,
Methinks, resemble the distracted age;
Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,
That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings.
The style of Forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like Forty-eight,
Such censures our mistaking audience make,
That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.
Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppress,
Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest.
Therefore thin nourishment of farce ye choose,
Decoctions of a barley-water muse:
A meal of tragedy would make ye sick,
Unless it were a very tender chick.
Some scenes in sippets wou'd be worth our time;
Those would go down; some love that's poach'd in
If these should fail—— [rhime;
We must lie down, and, after all our cost,
Keep holy-day, like water-men in frost;
While you turn players on the world's great stage,
And act yourselves the farce of your own age.

EPILOGUE to a Tragedy called TAMERLANE.

(By Mr. SAUNDERS.)

L Adies, the beardless author of this day
 Commends to you the fortune of his play.
 A woman wit has often grac'd the stage;
 But he's the first boy-poet of our age.
 Early as is the year his fancies blow,
 Like young Narcissus peeping through the snow.
 Thus Cowley blossom'd soon, yet flourish'd long;
 This is as forward, and may prove as strong.
 Youth with the fair should always favour find,
 Or we are damn'd dissemblers of our kind.
 What's all this love they put into our parts?
 'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
 Should Hag and Gray-Beard make such tender moan,
 Faith, you'd e'en trust 'em to themselves alone,
 And cry, Let's go, here's nothing to be done. }
 Since love's our business, as 'tis your delight,
 The young, who best can practise, best can write.
 What though he be not come to his full pow'r,
 He's mending and improving every hour.
 You sly she-jockies of the box and pit,
 Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:
 By management he may in time be made,
 But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;
 Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a sweat,
 And always fails you at the second heat.

AN EPILOGUE.

YOU saw our wife was chaste, yet throughly try'd,
And, without doubt, y'are hugely edify'd;
For, like our hero, whom we shew'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of show;
Esteem and kindness in one breast would grow:
But 'twas Heav'n knows how many years ago. }
Now some small chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In comedy your little selves you meet;
'Tis Covent-Garden drawn in Bridges-street.
Smile on our author then, if he has shown
A jolly nut-brown bastard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with ease and with delight,
Who act those follies, poets toil to write!
The sweating muse does almost leave the chace;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To some new frisk of contrariety.
You rowl like snow-balls, gathering as you run,
And get seven dev'ls, when dispossess'd of one.
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beside the face was seen;
But every inch of her you now uncase,
And clap a vizard-mask upon the face.
For sins like these, the zealous of the land,
With little hair, and little or no band,
Declare how circulating pestilences
Watch, every twenty years, to snap offences.

Saturn, e'en now, takes doctoral degrees;
 He'll do your work this Summer, without fees.
 Let all the boxes, Phoebus, find thy grace,
 And, ah, preserve the eighteen-penny place!
 But for the pit confounders, let 'em go,
 And find as little mercy as they show:
 The actors thus, and thus thy poets pray;
 For ev'ry critic fav'd, thou damn'st a play.

PROLOGUE to the PROPHETESS.

(By Beaumont and Fletcher. Revived by Mr. Dryden.)

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

WHAT Nostradame, with all his art, can guess
 The fate of our approaching Prophetess?
 A play, which, like a perspective set right,
 Presents our vast expences close to sight;
 But turn the tube, and there we sadly view
 Our distant gains; and those uncertain too:
 A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
 And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
 When will our losses warn us to be wise?
 Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise.
 Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
 Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
 We raise new objects to provoke delight;
 But you grow sated, ere the second sight.
 False men, e'en so you serve your mistresses:
 They rise three stories in their tow'ring drefs;
 And, after all, you love not long enough
 To pay the rigging, ere you leave 'em off.

Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and English men all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence ; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and scarf, jack-boots, and Bilbo blade,
Your silver goes, that shou'd support our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our stage to mourn ;
'Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return ;
And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin-butter, and his usquebaugh.
Go, conqu'rors of your male and female foes ;
Men without hearts, and women without hose.
Each bring his love a Bogland captive home ;
Such proper pages will long trains become ;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.
Then shall the pious muses pay their vows,
And furnish all their laurels for your brows ;
Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delights ;
We want not poets fit to sing your fights.
But you, bright beauties, for whose only sake
Those doughty knights such dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious presence grace our play ;
And with a sigh their empty seats survey :
Then think, on that bare bench my servant sat ;
I see him ogle still, and hear him chat ;
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dum-founding.
Their loss with patience we will try to bear ;
And wou'd do more, to see you often here :
That our dead stage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may rise.

PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford,

Spoken by Mr. Hart, at the acting of the
SILENT WOMAN.

WHat Greece, when learning flourish'd, only knew,
 Athenian judges, you this day renew.
 Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
 And here poetic prizes lost or won.
 Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit,
 And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
 A day of doom is this of your decree,
 Where even the best are but by mercy free: [to see.
 A day, which none but Johnson durst have wish'd }
 Here they, who long have known the useful stage,
 Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.
 As your commissioners our poets go,
 To cultivate the virtue which you sow;
 In your Lycaean first themselves refin'd,
 And delegated thence to human-kind.
 But as ambassadors, when long from home,
 For new instructions to their princes come;
 So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
 Return, and beg they may be better taught:
 Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown,
 But by your manners they correct their own.
 Th' illiterate writer, empiric like, applies
 To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance, remedies:
 The learn'd in schools, where knowledge first began,
 Studies with care th' anatomy of man;
 Sees virtue, vice, and passions in their cause,
 And fame from science, not from fortune, draws.

So poetry, which is in Oxford made
 An art, in London only is a trade.
 There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen
 Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.
 Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
 So many huddled atoms make a play;
 And if they hit in order by some chance,
 They call that nature, which is ignorance.
 To such a fame let mere town-wits aspire,
 And their gay nonsense their own cits admire.
 Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,
 Would wish it rather than a *plaudit* there.
 He owns no crown from those Praetorian bands,
 But knows that right is in the senate's hands.
 Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
 Low at the muses feet his wreath he lays,
 And, where he took it up, resigns his bays.
 Kings make their poets whom themselves think fit,
 But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit.

EPILOGUE, *spoken by the same.*

NO poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his fear,
 Flies with more haste, when the French arms
 draw near,
 Than we with our poetic train come down,
 For refuge hither, from th' infected town:
 Heav'n for our sins this Summer has thought fit
 To visit us with all the plagues of wit.
 A French troop first swept all things in its way;
 But those hot *Monsieurs* were too quick to stay:

Yet, to our cost, in that short time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
Th' Italian Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the stage with lewd grimace;
Instead of wit, and humours, your delight
Was there to see two hobby-horses fight;
Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at Centaur Arlequin.
For love you heard how amorous asses bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their serenade.
Nature was out of count'nance, and each day
Some new-born monster shewn you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to strike the stage quite dumb,
Those wicked engines call'd machines are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid:
Art magic is for poetry profess'd;
And cats and dogs, and each obscener beast,
To which Aegyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our English stage are worshipp'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to renown
Macbeth, and Simon Magus of the town,
Fletcher's despis'd, your Johnson's out of fashion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are shown;
By you those staple authors worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their scenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and say, their price is rais'd.

EPILOGUE, *spoken at OXFORD**By Mrs. MARSHALL.*

OFT has our poet wish'd, this happy seat
 Might prove his fading muse's last retreat:
 I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
 He sought for quiet, and content of mind;
 Which noiseful towns, and courts can never know,
 And only in the shades like laurels grow.
 Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest,
 And age returning thence concludes it best.
 What wonder if we court that happiness
 Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,
 Teaching e'en you, while the vex'd world we show,
 Your peace to value more, and better know?
 'Tis all we can return for favours past,
 Whose holy memory shall ever last,
 For patronage from him whose care presides
 O'er ev'ry noble art, and every science guides:
 Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
 And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
 Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd,
 To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd.
 His learning, and untainted manners too,
 We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
 Such ancient hospitality there rests
 In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
 Whose kindness was religion to their guests.
 Such modesty did to our sex appear,
 As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
 Since each of you was our protector here.

Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shown,
 As might Apollo with the Muses own.
 Till our return, we must despair to find
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

PROLOGUE to the *University of OXFORD.*

Discord, and plots, which have undone our age,
 With the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the stage.
 Our house has suffer'd in the common woe,
 We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
 Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
 And of our sisters, all the kinder-hearted,
 To Edinborough gone, or coach'd, or carted. }
 With bonny bluecap there they act all night
 For Scotch half-crown, in English three-pence hight.
 One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falstaff's lean,
 There with her single person fills the scene.
 Another, with long use and age decay'd,
 Div'd here old woman, and rose there a maid.
 Our trusty door-keepers of former time
 There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme.
 Tack but a copper-lace to druggert suit,
 And there's a hero made without dispute:
 And that, which was a capon's tail before,
 Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
 But all his subjects, to express the care
 Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare:
 Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing;
 It might perhaps a new rebellion bring;
 The Scot, who wore it, wou'd be chosen king. }

But why shou'd I these renegades describe,
 When you yourselves have seen a lewder tribe?
 Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
 With Irish action slander'd English wit:
 You have beheld such barb'rous Mac's appear,
 As merited a second massacre:
 Such as, like Cain, were branded with disgrace,
 And had their country stamp'd upon their face.
 When strolers durst presume to pick your purse,
 We humbly thought our broken troop not worse.
 How ill soe'er our action may deserve,
 Oxford's a place, where wit can never starve.

PROLOGUE to the University of OXFORD.

THO' actors cannot much of learning boast,
 Of all who want it, we admire it most;
 We love the praises of a learned pit,
 As we remotely are ally'd to wit.
 We speak our poet's wit, and trade in ore,
 Like those, who touch upon the golden shore:
 Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
 Discern how much, and why, our poems take:
 Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice;
 Whether th' applause be only sound or voice.
 When our fop gallants, or our city folly
 Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
 We doubt that scene which does their wonder raise,
 And, for their ignorance, condemn their praise.
 Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
 Shou'd not be proud of giving you delight.

London likes grossly; but this nicer pit
 Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;
 The ready finger lays on every blot;
 Knows what shou'd justly please, and what shou'd not.
 Nature herself lies open to your view;
 You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
 Where out-lines false, and colours seem too faint,
 Where bunglers dawb, and where true poets paint,
 But by the sacred Genius of this place,
 By ev'ry muse, by each domestic grace,
 Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
 And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
 Our poets hither for adoption come,
 As nations su'd to be made free of Rome:
 Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
 But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
 If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
 Who with religion loves your arts and you,
 Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
 Than his own mother university.
 Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth engage;
 He chooses Athens in his riper age.

PROLOGUE to ALBUMAZAR.

TO say, this comedy pleas'd long ago,
 Is not enough to make it pass you now.
 Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit;
 When few men censur'd, and when fewer writ.
 And Johnson, of those few the best, chose this,
 As the best model of his master-piece;

Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchymist by this Astrologer;
Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose
He lik'd the fashion well, who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly *his* what he did mould;
What was another's lead, becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains.
But this our age such authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet scarce write one word:
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what's their plunder, their possession call:
Who, like bold padders, scorn by night to prey,
But rob by sun-shine, in the face of day:
Nay scarce the common ceremony use
Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your muse;
But knock the poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegasus before the owner's face.
Faith, if you have such country Toms abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
Yet it were modest, could it but be said,
They strip the living, but these rob the dead;
Dare with the mummies of the muses play,
And make love to them the Aegyptian way;
Or, as a rhiming author would have said,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in poetry may claim some part:
They have the license, tho' they want the art;
And might, where theft was prais'd, for laureats stand,
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
They make the benefits of others studying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,

Whose dish to challenge no man has the courage;
 'Tis all his own when once h' has spit i' th' porridge.
 But, gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this;
 You are in fault for what they do amiss:
 For they their thefts still undiscover'd think,
 And durst not steal, unless you pleas'd to wink.
 Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
 They shou'd refund; but that can never be.
 For should you letters of reprisal seal,
 These men write that which no man else would steal.

PROLOGUE to ARVIRAGUS and PHILICIA
revived:

(By LODOWICK CARLELL, Esq:)

Spoken by Mr. HART.

WITH sickly actors and an old house too,
 We're match'd with glorious theatres and new,
 And with our ale-house scenes, and clothes bare worn,
 Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn.
 If all these ills could not undo us quite,
 A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight;
 Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
 To laugh and break your buttons at their play;
 Or see some serious piece, which we presume
 Is fall'n from some incomparable plume;
 And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us grace,
 Send lacquies early to preserve your place.
 We dare not on your privilege intrench,
 Or ask you why you like 'em? they are French.

Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding;
 Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding:
 Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest;
 To make it seem they understood the jest.
 Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
 To teach us English where to clap the play:
 Civil *Idad!* Our hospitable land
 Bears all the charge, for them to understand:
 Mean time we languish, and neglected lie,
 Like wives, while you keep better company;
 And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,
 You'd less good breeding, or had more good-nature.

PROLOGUE *spoken the first Day of the King's House
 acting after the Fire.*

SO shipwreck'd passengers escape to land,
 So look they, when on the bare beach they stand
 Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,
 Expecting famine on a desert shore.
 From that hard climate we must wait for bread,
 Whence e'en the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
 Our stage does human chance present to view,
 But ne'er before was seen so sadly true:
 You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see
 Is but a nobler name for charity.
 Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
 While you the founders make yourselves the guests.
 Of all mankind beside fate had some care,
 But for poor wit no portion did prepare,
 'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.

You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their scorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built city rises higher,
So from old theatres may new aspire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far surpass
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was :
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And, like a king, shou'd in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed :
Your presence here (for which we humbly sue)
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

*PROLOGUE for the Women, when they acted at the old
Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

WERE none of you, gallants, e'er driven so hard,
As when the poor kind soul was under guard,
And could not do't at home, in some by-street
To take a lodging, and in private meet?
Such is our case, we can't appoint our house,
The lovers old and wonted rendezvous ;
But hither to this trusty nook remove ;
The worse the lodging is, the more the love.
For much good pastime, many a dear sweet hug,
Is stol'n in garrets on the humble rug.
Here's good accommodation in the pit,
The grave demurely in the midst may sit ;

And so the hot Burgundian on the side
 Ply vizard mask, and o'er the benches stride :
 Here are convenient upper boxes too,
 For those that make the most triumphant show ;
 All that keep coaches must not sit below.
 There, gallants, you betwixt the acts retire,
 And at dull plays have something to admire :
 We, who look up, can your addressees mark ;
 And see the creatures coupled in the ark :
 So we expect the lovers, braves, and wits ;
 The gaudy house with scenes will serve for cits.

An EPILOGUE for the King's House.

WE act by fits and starts, like drowning men,
 But just peep up, and then pop down again.
 Let those, who call us wicked, change their sense ;
 For never men liv'd more on providence.
 Not lott'ry cavaliers are half so poor,
 Nor broken cits, nor a vacation whore.
 Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
 Of the three last ungiving parliaments :
 So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
 He might have spar'd his dream of seven lean kine,
 And chang'd his vision for the muses nine.
 The comet, that, they say, portends a dearth,
 Was but a vapour drawn from play-house earth :
 Pent there since our last fire, and, Lilly says,
 Foreshews our change of state, and thin *third-days*.
 'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor ;
 For then the printer's press would suffer more.

Their pamphleteers each day their venom spit;
 They thrive by treason, and we starve by wit.
 Confess the truth, which of you has not laid
 Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield Maid?
 Or, which is duller yet, and more wou'd spite us,
 Democritus his war with Heraclitus?
 Such are the authors, who have run us down,
 And exercis'd you critics of the town.
 Yet these are pearls to your *lampooning* rhimes,
 Y' abuse yourselves more dully than the times.
 Scandal, the glory of the English nation,
 Is worn to raggs, and scribbled out of fashion.
 Such harmless thrusts, as if, like fencers wise,
 They had agreed their play before their prize.
 Faith, they may hang their harps upon the willows;
 'Tis just like children when they box with pillows.
 Then put an end to civil wars for shame;
 Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,
 Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
 The satisfaction of a gentleman.

A P R O L O G U E.

G Allants, a bashful poet bids me say,
 He's come to lose his maidenhead to-day.
 Be not too fierce; for he's but green of age,
 And ne'er, till now, debauch'd upon the stage.
 He wants the suff'ring part of resolution,
 And comes with blushes to his execution.
 Ere you deflow'r his muse, he hopes the pit
 Will make some settlement upon his wit.

Promise him well, before the play begin ;
 For he wou'd fain be cozen'd into sin.
 'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail ;
 But, if you leave him after being frail,
 He'll have, at least, a fair pretence to rail ;
 To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,
 And put you in the new deserters bill.
 Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we see ;
 Enow to fill another Mercury !
 But this the ladies may with patience brook :
 Theirs are not the first colours you forsook.
 He wou'd be loth the *beauties* to offend ;
 But, if he shou'd, he's not too old to mend.
 He's a young plant, in his first year of bearing ;
 But his friend swears, he will be worth the rearing.
 His gloss is still upon him : tho' 'tis true
 He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
 You think an *Apricot* half green is best ;
 There's sweet and sour, and one side good at least.
 Mango's and limes, whose nourishment is little,
 Tho' not for food, are yet preserv'd for pickle.
 So this green writer may pretend, at least,
 To whet your stomachs for a better feast.
 He makes this difference in the sexes too ;
 He sells to men, he gives himself to you.
 To both he wou'd contribute some delight ;
 A meer poetical hermaphrodite.
 Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd, and woo ;
 With arms offensive, and defensive too ;
 'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

15 AP 57

ELEGIES

AND

EPI TAPH.S.

2 E F G I E 2



2 P I T A P H 2

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL

P O E M.

Dedicated to the Memory of the late

COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

VOL. II.

N

ELFONORA

A-PANEGYRICAL



Deposited to the memory of the late

COUNTRESS of ABINGDON

To the Right Honourable the

EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

My LORD,

THE commands, with which you honour'd me some months ago, are now perform'd: they had been sooner; but betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them 'till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verses never flow, but from a serene and compos'd spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings fasten'd to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late than ill: if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that I have escap'd from a shipwreck; but have only gain'd a rock by hard swimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath: for the doctors give me a sad assurance, that my disease never took its leave of any man, but with a purpose to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and manag'd the small stock, which age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my Lady's memory. We, who are priests of Apollo,

have not the inspiration when we please; but must wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to resist: which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my Lord; for I have really felt it on this occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believ'd, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe, that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of wit. Had I call'd in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrench'd many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call heroic verse, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your Lordship sees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheosis, indeed, if a Heathen word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all occasions of praise, if we take the ancients for our patterns, we are bound by prescription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongst the Ro-

mans, have left us their precedents for our security : for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my Lord, I may justly plead, that, if I have not perform'd so well as I think I have, yet I have us'd my best endeavours to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had ; which is, never to have known or seen my Lady : and to draw the lineaments of her mind, from the description, which I have received from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him : which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of such and such features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular observations would have discover'd more perfections, at least others, than have been deliver'd to them : though I have received mine from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my Lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable anniverfaries. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius. However I have follow'd his footsteps in the design of his panegyric ; which was to raise an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead.

And therefore it was, that I once intended to have call'd this poem, *The Pattern*: And though, on a second consideration, I chang'd the title into the name of the illustrious person, yet the design continues, and Eleonora is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavour'd to answer your commands, yet I cou'd not answer it to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your Lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They, who despise the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon, to have been so truly lov'd by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honour'd, after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or cou'd have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands: and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourn'd with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguish'd yourself from ordinary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceas'd; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have prov'd, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, cou'd not

forbear to ingrave his own name, as author of the piece : so give me leave to hope, that, by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to assure your Lordship, that she is remember'd, in the present age, by all who have had the honour of her conversation and acquaintance ; and that I have never been in any company since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extoll'd her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose, which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself oblig'd to thank your Lordship for the commission which you have given me : how I have acquitted myself of it, must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation, which I can enter against the present age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both sexes are so few, in England, that they stand like exceptions against general rules : and though one of them has deserv'd a greater commendation than I cou'd give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercise on the like subjects ; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the person. They say, my talent is satire : if it be so, 'tis a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a har-

vest: they have sown the dragons teeth themselves, and 'tis but just they should reap each other in lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the character of honour, though 'tis not my happiness to know you, may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such, and, unhurt yourselves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleas'd you, and some few others, I have obtain'd my end. You see I have disabled myself, like an elected Speaker of the House: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden sufficiently recompens'd by the honour. Be pleas'd to accept of these my unworthy labours, this paper monument; and let her pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by;

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN,

ELEONORA;

A Panegyrical Poem,

Dedicated to the Memory of the late Countess of

ABINGDON.

AS when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs rise
Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
Through town and country, 'till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last;
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling fame
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
'Till public as the loss the news became.

The nation felt it in th' extremest parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts:
But most the poor, whom daily she supply'd,
Beginning to be such, but when she dy'd.
For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace by night,
Secure of bread, as of returning light;
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So sure the dole, so ready at their call,
They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.

Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she nurs'd,
 That she, herself, might fear her wanting first.
 Of her five talents, other five she made;
 Heav'n, that had largely giv'n, was largely pay'd:
 And in few lives, in wond'rous few, we find
 A fortune better fitted to the mind.
 Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
 Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:
 Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
 No less than heav'n; to heap huge treasures there.

Want pass'd for merit at her open door:
 Heav'n saw, he safely might increase his poor,
 And trust their sustenance with her so well,
 As not to be at charge of miracle.
 None cou'd be needy, whom she saw, or knew;
 All in the compass of her sphere she drew:
 He, who could touch her garment, was as sure,
 As the first Christians of th' Apostles' cure.
 The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
 And laid her up for their extremest needs;
 A future cordial for a fainting mind;
 For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
 Each in his turn: the rich might freely come,
 As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home.
 As to some holy house th' afflicted came,
 The hunger-starv'd, the naked and the lame;
 Want and diseases fled before her name.
 For zeal like hers her servants were too slow;
 She was the first, where need requir'd, to go;
 Herself the soundress and attendant too.

Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
 Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train:

Her Lord himself might come, for ought we know;
Since in a servant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to stay;
Or some benighted angel, in his way,
Might ease his wings, and, seeing Heav'n appear
In its best work of mercy, think it there:
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as constant method, as above,
All carried on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praises, and as warm her pray'rs.

Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,
And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last;
That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve,
When crouds appear'd, she had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store;
Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he,
Provided for the seventh necessity:
Taught from above his magazines to frame;
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heav'n, though all-sufficient, shews a thrift
In his oeconomy, and bounds his gift:
Creating, for our day, one single light;
And his reflexion too supplies the night:
Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the sky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurst;
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,

Such was her soul; abhorring avarice,
 Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice:
 Had she giv'n more, it had profusion been,
 And turn'd th' excess of goodness into sin.

These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky;
 For that, which is next Heav'n, is charity.
 But, as high turrets, for their airy steep,
 Require foundations, in proportion deep;
 And lofty cedars as far upwards shoot,
 As to the neather heavens they drive the root:
 So low did her secure foundation lie,
 She was not humble, but humility.
 Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,
 Or wise, beyond what other women are,
 Or, which is better, knew, but never durst compare. }
 For to be conscious of what all admire,
 And not be vain, advances virtue high'r.
 But still she found, or rather thought she found,
 Her own worth wanting, others to abound;
 Ascrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
 Unjust and scanty to herself alone.

Such her devotion was, as might give rules
 Of speculation to disputing schools,
 And teach us equally the scales to hold
 Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
 That pious heat may mod'rately prevail,
 And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal.
 Business might shorten, not disturb, her pray'r;
 Heav'n had the best, if not the greater share.
 An active life long oraisons forbids;
 Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.

Her ev'ry day was Sabbath; only free
 From hours of pray'r, for hours of charity.
 Such as the Jews from servile toil releast;
 Where works of mercy were a part of rest;
 Such as blest angels exercise above,
 Vary'd with sacred hymns and acts of love:
 Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
 E'en that perpetual one, which she employs,
 (For such vicissitudes in heav'n there are)
 In praise alternate, and alternate pray'r.
 All this she practis'd here; that when she sprung
 Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung:
 Sung, and was sung herself in angels lays;
 For, praising her, they did her Maker praise.
 All offices of heav'n so well she knew,
 Before she came, that nothing there was new:
 And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
 As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse, down again precipitate thy flight:
 For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal light?
 But as the sun in water we can bear,
 Yet not the sun, but his reflexion there,
 So let us view her, here, in what she was,
 And take her image in this wat'ry glass:
 Yet look not every lineament to see;
 Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
 So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know, 'tis she.
 For where such various virtues we recite,
 'Tis like the Milky-way, all over bright, [light.
 But sown so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguish'd

Her virtue, not her virtues let us call;
 For one heroic comprehends 'em all:

One, as a constellation is but one,
 Though 'tis a train of stars, that, rolling on,
 Rise in their turn, and in the Zodiac run :
 Ever in motion ; now 'tis faith ascends,
 Now hope, now charity, that upward tends,
 And downwards with diffusive good descends.

As in perfumes compos'd with art and cost,
 'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost ;
 Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
 Or amber, but a rich result of all ;
 So she was all a sweet, whose ev'ry part,
 In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.
 No single virtue we cou'd most commend,
 Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend ;
 For she was all, in that supreme degree,
 That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
 The sev'ral parts lay hidden in the piece ;
 Th' occasion but exerted that, or this.

A wife as tender, and as true withal,
 As the first woman was before her fall :
 Made for the man, of whom she was a part ;
 Made, to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
 A second Eve, but by no crime accurst ;
 As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
 Had she been first, still paradise had been,
 And death had found no entrance by her sin.
 So she not only had preserv'd from ill
 Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern still.

Love and obedience to her lord she bore ;
 She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more :
 Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,
 But taught by his indulgence to obey.

Thus we love God, as author of our good;
So subjects love just kings, or so they shou'd.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd;
One joy possess'd 'em both, and in one grief they
mourn'd.

His passion still improv'd; he lov'd so fast,
As if he fear'd each day wou'd be her last.
Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
That shou'd so soon divide their happy state:
When he to Heav'n entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the soul is all in ev'ry part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.

So had her children too; for Charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she:
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A goodly perspective of distant view.
Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face,
In numb'ring o'er his future Roman race,
And marshalling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next, to light they came.
Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heav'nly minds may suit.
Her pious love excell'd to all she bore;
New objects only multiply'd it more.
And as the chosen found the pearly grain
As much as ev'ry vessel cou'd contain;
As in the blissful vision each shall share
As much of glory, as his soul can bear;
So did she love, and so dispense her care.

Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
As longer cultivated than the rest.
The babe had all that infant-care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her smiles :
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young soul, and gave it room to play,
At his first aptness, the maternal love
Those rudiments of reason did improve :
The tender age was pliant to command ;
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand :
True to th' artificer, the labour'd mind
With ease was pious, generous, just and kind ;
Soft for impression, from the first prepar'd,
'Till virtue with long exercise grew hard :
With ev'ry act confirm'd, and made at last
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit ; and, from vices free,
Goodness resolv'd into necessity.

Thus fix'd she virtue's image, that's her own,
'Till the whole mother in the children shone ;
For that was their perfection : she was such,
They never cou'd express her mind too much.
So unexhausted her perfections were,
That, for more children, she had more to spare ;
For souls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath ;
And (cou'd they take th' impressions of her mind)
Enough still left to sanctify her kind.

Then wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend :
As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
To seek repose, and empty out the tide ;

So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
 Unable to contain her, sought a vent,
 To issue out, and in some friendly breast
 Discharge her treasures, and securely rest :
 T' unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
 Take good advice, but better to impart.
 For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state,
 To mix their minds, and to communicate ;
 Though bodies cannot, souls can penetrate :
 Fixt to her choice, inviolably true,
 And wisely choosing, for she chose but few.
 Some she must have ; but in no one cou'd find
 A tally fitted for so large a mind.

The souls of friends like kings in progress are ;
 Still in their own, though from the palace far :
 Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
 A sweet retirement to a coarser place ;
 Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
 Where greatness was shut out, and bus'ness well forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught ; but short as far
 As the true height and bigness of a star
 Exceeds the measures of th' astronomer.
 She shines above, we know ; but in what place,
 How near the throne, and Heav'n's imperial face,
 By our weak optics is but vainly quest ;
 Distance and altitude conceal the rest.

Tho' all these rare endowments of the mind
 Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,
 The figure was with full perfection crown'd ;
 Though not so large an orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, through the public place,
 The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass ;

And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd ;
And so the swift procession hurry'd on,
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown :
So in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind ;
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along ;
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no minute slipp'd away ;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of Heav'n to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, though each complete ;
But ev'ry act stood ready to repeat.

Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
For her blest name in fate's eternal book ;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity :
But more will wonder at so short an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirti'th page ;
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time ; and, cou'd there be
A copy near th' original, 'twas she.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire :
So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence ;
A short sweet odour, of a vast expence.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd :
For but a now did heav'n and earth divide :

She pass'd serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue;
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep:
So softly death succeeded life in her:
She did but dream of heav'n, and she was there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise;
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
And treated like a long-familiar guest.
He took her as he found, but found her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepar'd;
As early notice she from heav'n had heard,
And some descending courier from above
Had giv'n her timely warning to remove;
Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay
Cloth'd all in white, the liv'ry of the day:
Scarce had she sinn'd, in thought, or word, or act;
Unless omissions were to pass for fact:
That hardly Death a consequence cou'd draw,
To make her liable to Nature's law.
And, that she dy'd, we only have to show
The mortal part of her she left below:

To rest (so smooth, so suddenly she went)
Look'd like translation, through the firmament,
Or like the fiery carr, on the third errand sent.

O happy soul! if thou canst view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'st, that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
Thy widow'd, and thy orphan family :—
Look on thy tender pledges left behind ;
And, if thou canst a vacant minute find
From heav'nly joys, that interval afford
To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve, mistaken in their love,
And shed a beam of comfort from above ;
Give 'em, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A transient view of thy full glories there ;
That they with mod'rate sorrow may sustain
And mollify their losses in thy gain.
Or else divide the grief ; for such thou wert,
That shou'd not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a single heart.

Let this suffice : Nor thou, great saint, refuse
This humble tribute of no vulgar muse :
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age depress'd,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast ;
And dares to sing thy praises in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime ;
Where e'en to draw the picture of thy mind,
Is satire on the most of human kind :
Take it, while yet 'tis praise ; before my rage,
Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age ;

So bad, that thou thyself hadst no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.

Be what, and where thou art: to wish thy place,
Were, in the best, presumption more than grace.
Thy relics, (such thy works of mercy are)
Have, in this poem, been my holy care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky,
So shall this verse preserve thy memory ;
For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee. }

*To the pious Memory of the accomplish'd young Lady,
Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW, excellent in the two
sister-arts of Poesy and Painting. An ODE.*

I.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest ;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest :
Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heav'n's majestic pace ;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss :
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space ;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heav'n's eternal year is thine.

Hear then a mortal muse thy praise rehearse;
 In no ignoble verse;
 But such as thy own voice did practise here,
 When thy first fruits of poesy were giv'n;
 To make thyself a welcome inmate there;
 While yet a young probationer,
 And candidate of heav'n.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
 Our wonder is the less to find
 A soul so charming from a stock so good;
 Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
 So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
 An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
 But if thy pre-existing soul
 Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
 It did through all the mighty poets roll,
 Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
 And was that Sappho last, which once it was before,
 If so, then cease thy flight, O heav'n-born mind!
 Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
 Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
 Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
 Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,
 New joy was sprung in heav'n, as well as here on earth.
 For sure the milder planets did combine
 On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
 And e'en the most malicious were in trine.
 Thy brother-angels at thy birth
 Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,

That all the people of the sky
 Might know a poetess was born on earth.
 And then, if ever, mortal ears
 Had heard the music of the spheres.
 And if no clust'ring swarm of bees
 On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
 'Twas that such vulgar miracles
 Heav'n had not leisure to renew :
 For all thy blest fraternity of love
 Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day
 above.

IV.

O gracious God ! how far have we
 Prophan'd thy heav'nly gift of poesy ?
 Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
 Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
 For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love ?
 O wretched we ! why were we hurry'd down
 This lubrique and adult'rate age,
 (Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
 T' increase the steaming ordures of the stage ?
 What can we say t' excuse our second fall ?
 Let this thy Vestal, Heav'n, atone for all :
 Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
 Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd ;
 Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none ;
 For nature did that want supply :
 So rich in treasures of her own,
 She might our boasted stores defy :

Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,

By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and ev'ry light, her muse will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
E'en love (for love sometimes her muse express'd)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breast:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth express'd,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought, she shou'd have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?

To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
For *Painture* near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.

A Chamber of Dependences was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify th' offence)

And the whole sief, in right of poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For poets frequent inroads there had made,

And perfectly cou'd represent
The shape, the face, with ev'ry lineament:
And all the large domains which the *dumb sister* sway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she went.

Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in her
mind.

The silvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear ;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrours, shew'd the woods :
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
And shaggy satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of some majestic piece,
Boasting the pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whose statues, freezes, columns broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the Eye ;
What nature, art, bold fiction e'er durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopl'd Ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the sight with rev'rence strook :
For not content t' express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart :
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.

Our phenix queen was pourtray'd too so bright,
Beauty alone cou'd beauty take so right :

Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
 Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly face.
 With such a peerless majesty she stands,
 As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands :
 Before a train of heroines was seen,
 In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.

Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
 But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
 Still with a greater blaze she shone,
 And her bright soul broke out on ev'ry side.
 What next she had design'd, Heav'n only knows :
 To such immod'rate growth her conquest rose,
 That fate alone its progress cou'd oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
 The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
 Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes ;
 In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.

Not wit, nor piety cou'd fate prevent ;
 Nor was the cruel *Destiny* content
 To finish all the murder at a blow,
 To sweep at once her life, and beauty too ;
 But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
 To work more mischievously slow,
 And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.

O double sacrilege on things divine,
 To rob the relic, and deface the shrine !

But thus Orinda dy'd :
 Heav'n, by the same disease, did both translate ;
 As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.

Mean-time her warlike brother on the seas

His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.

Ah generous youth, that wish forbear,

The winds too soon will waft thee here !

Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,

Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!

No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,

Thou hast already had her last embrace.

But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far

Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star,

If any sparkles, than the rest more bright ;

'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,

To raise the nations under ground ;

When, in the valley of Jehoshaphat,

The judging God shall close the book of fate ;

And there the last *assizes* keep,

For those who wake, and those who sleep :

When rattling bones together fly,

From the four corners of the sky ;

When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,

Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead ;

The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,

And foremost from the tomb shall bound,

For they are cover'd with the lightest ground ;

And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,

Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.

There thou, sweet Saint, before the quire shall go,

As harbinger of heav'n, the way to show,

The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

*On the Death of AMYNTAS:**A PASTORAL ELEGY.*

TWas on a joyless and a gloomy morn,
 Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls the
 thorn ;

When Damon, who design'd to pass the day
 With hounds and horns, and chase the flying prey,
 Rose early from his bed ; but soon he found
 The welkin pitch'd with fullen clouds around,
 An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground. }
 Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey
 The fields, and curst th' ill omens of the day,
 He saw Menalcas come with heavy pace ;
 Wet were his eyes, and chearless was his face :
 He wrung his hands, distracted with his care,
 And sent his voice before him from afar.
 Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy swain,
 The spongy clouds are fill'd with gath'ring rain :
 The promise of the day not only cross'd,
 But e'en the Spring, the Spring itself is lost.
 Amyntas—Oh! —He cou'd not speak the rest,
 Nor needed, for presaging Damon guess'd.
 Equal with heav'n young Damon lov'd the boy,
 The boast of nature, both his parents joy.
 His graceful form revolving in his mind ;
 So great a genius, and a soul so kind,
 Gave sad assurance that his fears were true ;
 Too well the envy of the gods he knew :
 For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd,
 Soon they repent, and will not make them last.

For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
 The mother's features, and the father's soul.
 Then thus he cry'd : The morn bespoke the news :
 The morning did her chearful light diffuse ;
 But see how suddenly she chang'd her face,
 And brought on clouds and rain, the day's disgrace ;
 Just such, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race.
 What charms adorn'd thy youth, where nature smil'd,
 And more than man was giv'n us in a child !
 His infancy was ripe : a soul sublime
 In years so tender that prevented time :
 Heav'n gave him all at once ; then snatch'd away,
 Ere mortals all his beauties cou'd survey :
 Just like the flow'r that buds and withers in a day.

M E N A L C A S.

The mother, lovely, tho' with grief oppress'd,
 Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast.
 The mournful family stood all around ;
 One groan was heard, one universal sound :
 All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow
 drown'd.

So dire a sadness sat on ev'ry look,
 E'en Death repented he had giv'n the stroke.
 He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
 But promis'd length of life to those who yet remain'd.
 The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,
 It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.
 The father bore it with undaunted soul,
 Like one who durst his destiny controul :
 Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
 Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart.

Patient as Job; and may he live to see,
Like him, a new increasing family!

D A M O N.

Such is my wish, and such my prophesy.
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains;
Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More lasting, and endu'd with equal grace!
Equal she may, but farther none can go:
For he was all that was exact below.

M E N A L C A S.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their Godlike mate, and sing him on his way.
He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
And every moment gains upon the skies.
The new-come guest admires th' aethereal state,
The saphir portal, and the golden gate;
And now admitted in the shining throng,
He shows the passport which he brought along.
His passport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now sing, ye joyful angels, and admire
Your brother's voice that comes to mend your quire:
Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow;
For like Amyntas none is left below.

On the Death of a very Young Gentleman.

HE who cou'd view the book of destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,

O charming youth, in the first op'ning page,
So many graces in so green an age,
Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
A soul at once so manly, and so kind;
Wou'd wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after some few leaves shou'd find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
A step of life that promis'd such a race.
We must not, dare not think that Heav'n began
A child, and cou'd not finish him a man;
Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made:
The cost already furnish'd; so bestow'd,
As more was never to one soul allow'd:
Yet after this profusion spent in vain,
Nothing but mould'ring ashes to remain.
I guess not, lest I split upon the shell,
Yet durst I guess, Heav'n kept it for himself;
And giving us the use, did soon recal,
Ere we cou'd spare, the mighty principal.

Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper speech to say he dy'd:
He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
'Tis sin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on every son.
He added not, he was so pure, so good,
'Twas but th' original forfeit of his blood:
And that so little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the first muddy clay;
The length of course had wash'd it in the way:

So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals cou'd afford.
Perhaps we gave so much, the pow'rs above
Grew angry at our superstitious love:
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cause is justly snatch'd away.

Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone:
And yet we murmur that he went so soon;
Though miracles are short and rarely shown.

Hear then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many, which in one was ty'd.
That individual blessing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining store.
The flame's dispers'd, but does not all expire;
The sparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts, in all your num'rous race,
And from those parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

Upon the Death of the Earl of DUNDEE.

OH last and best of SCOTS! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did each in other live;
Nor wou'dst thou her, nor cou'd she thee survive.
Farewel, who dying didst support the state,
And cou'dst not fall but with thy country's fate.

Upon young Mr. ROGERS of Gloucestershire.

OF gentle blood, his parents only treasure,
 Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure,
 Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit and grace;
 A large provision for so short a race;
 More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
 Too early fitted for a better state;
 But, knowing heav'n his home, to shun delay,
 He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

To the memory of Mr. OLDHAM.

FArewel, too little, and too lately known,
 Whom I began to think, and call my own:
 For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
 Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.
 One common note on either lyre did strike,
 And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
 To the same goal did both our studies drive;
 The last set out, the soonest did arrive.
 Thus Nisus fell upon the slipp'ry place,
 Whilst his young friend perform'd, and won the race.
 O early ripe! to thy abundant store
 What cou'd advancing age have added more?
 It might (what nature never gives the young)
 Have taught the smoothness of thy native tongue.
 But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
 Thro' the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
 A noble error, and but seldom made,
 When poets are by too much force betray'd.

Thy gen'rous fruits, tho' gather'd ere their prime,
 Still shew'd a quickness; and maturing time
 But mellowes what we write, to the dull sweets of
 rhime.

Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell, thou young,
 But ah too short, Marcellus of our tongue!
 Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
 But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

On the Death of Mr. PURCELL.

Set to music by Dr. BLOW.

I.

MArk how the lark and linnet sing;
 With rival notes
 They strain their warbling throats,
 To welcome in the Spring.
 But in the close of night,
 When Philomel begins her heav'nly lay,
 They cease their mutual spite,
 Drink in her music with delight,
 And listning silently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came;
 They sung no more, or only sung his fame:
 Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
 The godlike man,
 Alas! too soon retired,
 As he too late began.
 We beg not hell our Orpheus to restore:
 Had he been there,

Their sovereign's fear
Had sent him back before.

The power of harmony too well they knew:
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere,
And left no hell below.

III.

The heav'nly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the scale of music from the sky:

They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung.
Ye breth'ren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:
Now live secure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

E P I T A P H *on the Lady* WHITMORE.

FAir, kind, and true, a treasure each alone,
A wife, a mistress, and a friend in one,
Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost,
Here sadly summing, what he had, and lost.

Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
Come first, and offer at her sacred shrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the rest, with longer life;
And wish your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd.

EPITAPH on Sir PALMES FAIRBONE's Tomb in
Westminster-Abbey.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir Palmes Fairbone, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command, he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors, then besieging the town, in the forty-sixth year of his age, October 24, 1680.

YE sacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep :
Discharge the trust, which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's *Palladium* from the foe.
Alive and dead these walls he will defend :
Great actions great examples must attend.
The Candian siege his early valour knew,
Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue.
From thence returning with deserv'd applause,
Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he draws;
The same the courage, and the same the cause.
His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer heav'n his virtues shone more bright,
Like rising flames expanding in their height ;
The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight.
More bravely British General never fell,
Nor General's death was e'er reveng'd so well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,
Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loss for time to come
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

*Under Mr. MILTON's picture, before his
Paradise Lost.*

THree poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature cou'd no further go;
To make a third she join'd the former two.

S O N G S.

A SONG for St. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

I.

FROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony
This universal frame began :

When nature underneath a heap

Of jarring atoms lay,

And cou'd not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

Arise, ye more than dead.

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,

In order to their stations leap,

And music's power obey.

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony

This universal frame began :

From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in man.

II.

What passion cannot music raise and quell !

When Jubal struck the corded shell,

His list'ning brethren stood around,

And, wond'ring, on their faces fell

To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,

That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot music raise and quell !

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thund'ring drum
 Cries, hark ! the foes come ;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair, disdainful, dame.

VI.

But oh ! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred organ's praise ?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race ;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre :
 But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher :

When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n,
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
 Mistaking earth for heav'n.

Grand CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays

The spheres began to move,

And sung the great Creator's praise

To all the bless'd above ;

So when the last and dreadful hour

This crumbling pageant shall devour,

The trumpet shall be heard on high,

The dead shall live, the living die,

And music shall untune the sky.

On the young STATESMEN.

CLARENDON had law and sense,
 Clifford was fierce and brave;
 Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
 And D——y's matchless impudence
 Help'd to support the knave.

But Sun—d, God—n, L——y,
 These will appear such chits in story,
 'Twill turn all politics to jests,
 To be repeated like John Dory,
 When fidlers sing at feasts.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
 What wou'd these madmen have?
 First, they wou'd bribe us without pence,
 Deceive us without common sense,
 And without pow'r enslave.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
 Submit to servile shame;
 Who from consent and custom draw
 The same right to be rul'd by law,
 Which kings pretend to reign?

The duke shall wield his conq'ring sword,
 The chanc'lor make a speech,
 The king shall pass his honest word,
 The pawn'd revenue sums afford,
 And then, come kiss my breech.

So have I seen a king on chess
 (His rooks and knights withdrawn,
 His queen and bishops in distress)
 Shifting about, grow less and less,
 With here and there a pawn.

The TEARS of AMYNTA, for the Death of
 DAMON.

S O N G.

I.

ON a bank, beside a willow,
 Heav'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow,
 Sad Amynta sigh'd alone:
 From the chearless dawn of morning
 'Till the dews of night returning,
 Singing thus she made her moan:
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
 Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

II.

Time, I dare thee to discover
 Such a youth, and such a lover;
 Oh so true, so kind was he!
 Damon was the pride of nature,
 Charming in his every feature;
 Damon liv'd alone for me;
 Melting kisses,
 Murmuring blisses:
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

III.

Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never blest the night returning,
 Sweet embraces to restore:
 Never shall we both lie dying,
 Nature failing, love supplying
 All the joys he drain'd before:
 Death come end me
 To befriend me;
 Love and Damon are no more.

A S O N G.

I.

SYLVIA the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
 Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the green:
 She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guess'd
 By the tow'zing, and tumbling, and touching her breast:
 She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
 By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining,

And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close.

II.

Ah! she cry'd; ah for a languishing maid,
 In a country of Christians, to die without aid!
 Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
 Or a Protestant parson, or Catholic priest,
 To instruct a young virgin, that is at a loss,
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close!
 By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close.

III.

Cupid in shape of a swain did appear,
 He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near;
 Then show'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear;
 For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear:
 When the balm was infus'd, she was not at a loss,
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
 By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close.

The LADY'S SONG.

A Choir of bright beauties in Spring did appear,
 To choose a May-lady to govern the year;

All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in green;

The garland was giv'n, and Phyllis was queen :

But Phyllis refus'd it, and sighing did say,

I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our shore,

The graces are banish'd, and love is no more :

The soft God of pleasure, that warm'd our desires,

Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires :

And vows that himself, and his mother, will mourn,

'Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more;

For we will perform what the deity swore :

But if you dare think of deserving our charms,

Away with your sheephooks, and take to your arms :

Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,

When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx, return.

A S O N G.

I.

FAIR, sweet and young, receive a prize
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes :

From crouds, whom at your feet you see,

O pity, and distinguish me;

As I from thousand beauties more

Distinguish you, and only you adore.

II.

Your face for conquest was design'd,

Your ev'ry motion charms my mind ;

Angels, when you your silence break,
 Forget their hymns, to hear you speak;
 But when at once they hear and view,
 Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

III.

No graces can your form improve,
 But all are lost, unless you love;
 While that sweet passion you disdain,
 Your veil and beauty are in vain:
 In pity then prevent my fate,
 For after dying all reprieve's too late.

A S O N G.

High state and honours to others impart,
 But give me your heart:

That treasure, that treasure alone,

I beg for my own.

So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,

My soul does inspire;

That treasure, that treasure alone,

I beg for my own.

Your love let me crave;

Give me in possessing

So matchless a blessing;

That empire is all I wou'd have.

Love's my petition,

All my ambition;

If e'er you discover

So faithful a lover,

So real a flame,

I'll die, I'll die,

So give up my game.

RONDELA Y.

I.

Chloe found Amyntas lying,
 All in tears, upon the plain ;
 Sighing to himself, and crying,
 Wretched I, to love in vain !
 Kifs me, dear, before my dying ;
 Kifs me once, and ease my pain !

II.

Sighing to himself, and crying,
 Wretched I, to love in vain !
 Ever scorning and denying
 To reward your faithful swain :
 Kifs me, dear, before my dying ;
 Kifs me once, and ease my pain !

III.

Ever scorning, and denying
 To reward your faithful swain.
 Chloe, laughing at his crying,
 Told him, that he lov'd in vain :
 Kifs me, dear, before my dying ;
 Kifs me once, and ease my pain !

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
 Told him, that he lov'd in vain :
 But repenting, and complying,
 When he kifs'd, she kifs'd again ;
 Kifs'd him up before his dying ;
 Kifs'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

SONGS.

A S O N G.

I.

GO tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I wou'd not die, nor dare complain :
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That music should in sounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not say.

II.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah ! the wretch, that speechless lies,
Attends but death to close his eyes.

*A S O N G, to a fair young Lady going out of the Town
in the Spring.*

I.

ASK not the cause, why sullen Spring
So long delays her flow'rs to bear ;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And Winter storms invert the year :
Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it Spring, where she resides.

SONGS.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She cast not back a pitying eye:
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die:
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

III.

Great God of Love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of ev'ry land?
Where thou hadst plac'd such pow'r before,
Thou should'st have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crouds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recall.
I only am by love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

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F I N I S.

[illegible]